

"THE RED PATROL," by GILBERT PARKER, on inside page.

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL. LXXIX.—No. 2042.
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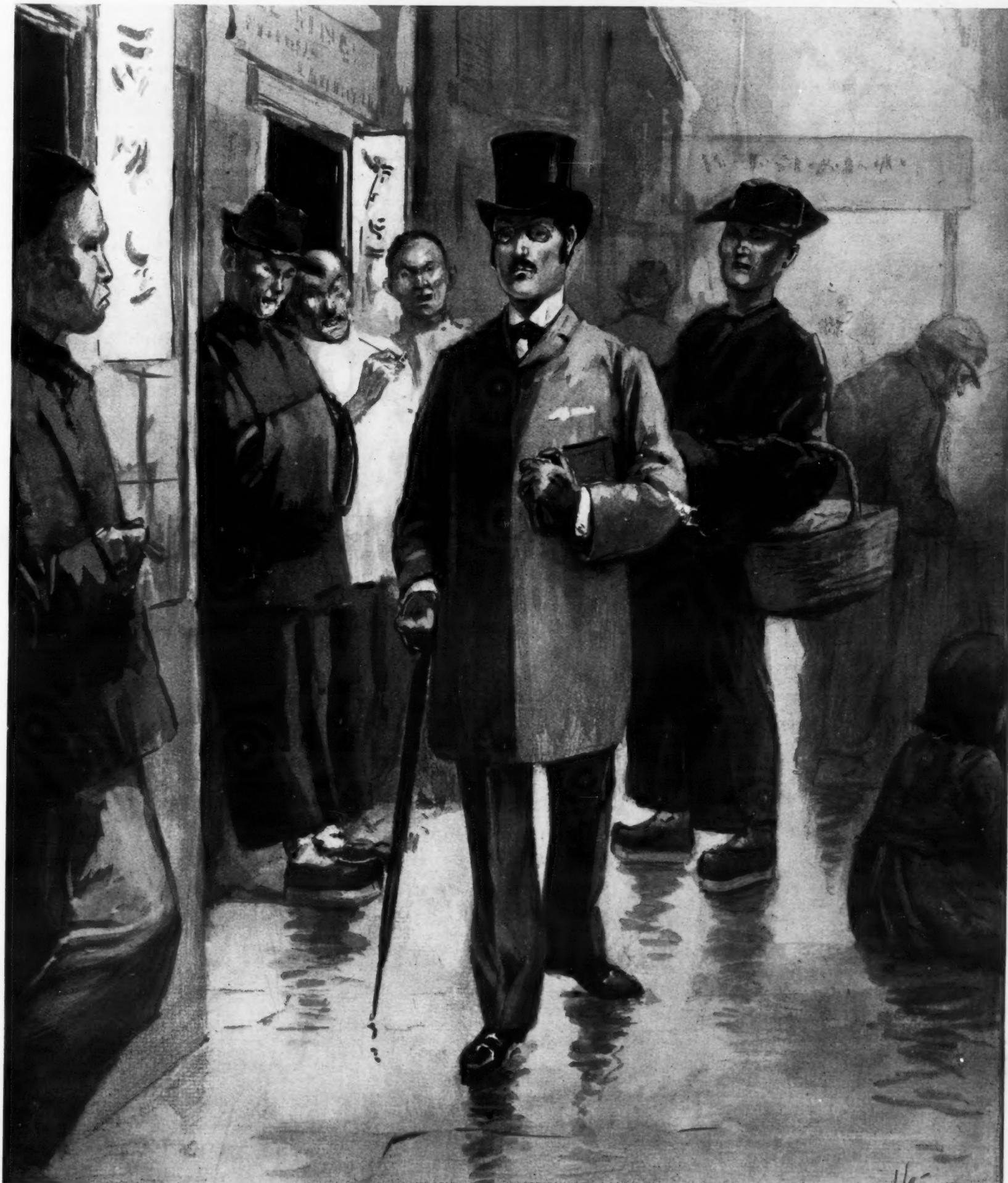
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

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1894

PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 ANNUALLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.

Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.

See "The True Story of Mr. Cleveland's famous Tariff Message" on page 284.



"The Chinese in this and other cities share to some extent the antipathy which their countrymen at home feel toward the Japanese, and they often take occasion to manifest this feeling in their treatment of the Japs with whom they come in contact. It isn't an altogether pleasant experience which a Japanese gentleman encounters in passing through the Chinese quarter of New York; he is in no peril of personal assault, indeed, but he is likely to be subjected to jeers and jibes which affect him even more keenly than a blow."

IN THE ENEMY'S QUARTER.

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.—[SEE PAGE 289.]

Conan Doyle's Great Story.

The first installment of Dr. A. Conan Doyle's latest story, entitled

"THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS,"
will appear in LESLIE'S WEEKLY for December 13th
(our Christmas edition).

Dr. Doyle regards this as THE BEST WORK he has yet produced, and this will no doubt be the conclusion of all who read it. Stark Munro is a medical practitioner, and the story deals with the mental and moral struggles he is called to face in making his way in the world.

The conspicuous characters of the story have a strong and vivid individuality which challenges and holds the interest and attention of the reader from first to last. It is, however, without any distinctive plot, but the style is so vigorous and the incidents and characters so forcibly portrayed, that, taken up casually at any point, it will prove equally as entertaining as a first-class short story.

Persons desiring to obtain the story as it appears—it will appear only in these columns—should send in their orders at once. Its publication will extend over six months or more.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY. Publishers and Proprietors.
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for 13 weeks	1.00

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; The International News Company, Breams Building, Chancery Lane, E.C., London; Smith, Ainslee & Co., 25 Newcastle Street, Strand, London, England; at Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany; The International News Company, Stephanstrasse 18, Leipzig, Germany; Ch. E. Aloth, Geneva, Switzerland; and by C. Frank Dewey, Kochstrasse 49, Berlin, Germany.

Cable address—"JUDGEARK."

Special Notice.

PLEASE NOTE that the address of LESLIE'S WEEKLY has not been changed. It is still 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY.

The Overthrow of Tammany.

OWEVER the honest men of this metropolis may differ as to national policies and political principles, it is impossible that there should be any difference among them concerning the necessity of overthrowing Tammany. That organization represents everything that is vile and depraved in our municipal life. All the abominations which have been uncovered by the investigation now in progress, the licentiousness, rascality, the thievery and brutality, the vice and crime of every sort, which flaunt themselves in the public eye or fester in secret, are the fruits of its system, and are fostered and protected by its authority. This organization has not only immeasurably degraded the public service; it has not merely elevated graduates of the stable and gin-mill to the highest places of authority; it has not simply, as a contemporary aptly puts it, made the city "a principality of blackmailing and corruption"; but it has so debauched the public conscience, so saturated the public mind with its virus, that escape from its hateful domination had come to be regarded as impossible. Even now, when its monstrous iniquities have been clearly exposed, this foul organization arrogantly persists in the policy of outrage and corruption it has always pursued, drawing its supplies as before from "protected" vices, nominating for public office representatives of the criminal and vicious classes, and stolidly refusing to recognize the popular demand for the dismissal from the municipal service of men who are shown to have been for years preying upon the community like so many pirates, and in every official act abusing the trusts committed to them.

It is impossible that a system so infamous, so full of menace to every important interest, social, political, and moral, should be longer tolerated. It must, at any and every cost, be overthrown. Intrenched as it is in the cupidity and avarice of the base and venal, and counting as its allies every evil force in the community, its destruction will not be an easy task; but that result can be accomplished if every right-minded citizen does his duty in a straightforward way on the day of election. There has never been a time when so many influences conspired to

promote the triumph of righteousness in our municipal affairs. The candidate who represents all the anti-Tammany elements is conspicuously worthy and deserving of their support. He ought to be elected by a majority that will demonstrate conclusively the fidelity of the people of this imperial city to the principles of honest government and their determination to protect themselves against the lords of misrule who have so long spoiled and dishonored them.

Our Japanese Policy.

HE course pursued by the Cleveland administration in reference to the appeal of Japan for the surrender of the ex-territorial jurisdiction conceded by that Power thirty odd years ago is at once indefensible and inexplicable. Up to the present year we have been the conspicuous and consistent advocate of this concession. In 1872, when the question came up for consideration, we alone among the signatory Powers favored the surrender of a privilege which, with the advance of Japan in civilization, seemed to be no longer necessary to the proper protection of citizens of our own or other nations. From that time forward we have held this position. With every passing year the justice of the Japanese demand has become more and more apparent, and it has become increasingly obvious that the settlement of the question could not properly be delayed. Other governments, recognizing this fact, have already made concessions in harmony with the spirit of the Japanese demand. Germany, Portugal, and Mexico have surrendered the ex-territorial privilege, and Great Britain, which formerly led the opposition, has agreed to do so in five years if the criminal codes of Japan are made acceptable, as every indication promises they will be. Thus this country, to which Japan has looked with greater confidence than to any other, because of our peculiarly liberal policy in the past, now stands practically alone in resisting the tendency of events, and in denying to her the concessions which all former administrations have favored as just and wise.

It goes without saying that a persistence in this attitude cannot be much longer maintained without alienating the respect and good will of the Japanese government and people. Japan is no longer a child in tutelage—a mere inchoate, barbaric sovereignty. It is a nation, full panoplied and complete. It has demonstrated its competency to deal with and solve the gravest problems of statehood along the lines of progress and civilization. It has a recognized, unchallenged status among the nations. Its constitution is in harmony with the modern spirit. It is able to protect the rights and interests of foreign citizens within its jurisdiction as fully as we are to protect Chinamen or Japanese on American soil. It is an affront to justice, an outrage upon fair play, to persist, as we do, in imposing arbitrary limitations upon the sovereignty which has, for more than a quarter of a century, been habitually exercised in furtherance of international comity and good will.

President Cleveland and his Secretary of State ought to understand that they cannot afford to exhibit, as to this matter, the obstinate contempt of public opinion and the demands of justice which they have displayed concerning some other questions of diplomatic concern. They still have the opportunity to set us right before the world and re-establish us in the esteem of Japan. "Why should not the United States," as the Philadelphia *Press* puts it, "step forward and offer Japan the prompt, generous, and just concession of immediate jurisdiction by Japanese tribunals over American citizens?" Such a course would be worthy of a great people, and would, in its influence, be practically determinative of the whole question in issue. Is the administration broad and enlightened enough to perform an act so eminently politic and so obviously just?

Laws Violated with Impunity.

E published some weeks ago an article on the dangers attending hot-air balloon ascensions, accompanying it with a list of the fatalities which have occurred in connection with exhibitions of this character. Mr. Carl E. Meyers, the well-known aeronautical engineer, who supplied the article, gave it as his opinion, after a series of experiments and careful observations, that the parachute "drop" is wholly unsafe and that its use is utterly indefensible. That conclusion is unquestionably justified by the facts. Since that publication a number of disasters have been reported from the use of this contrivance. The latest of these tragedies occurred at Franklinville, in this State, on the 6th of October, when Miss Beatrice van Dressen, a young lady balloonist, made an ascension of fifteen hundred feet, and, falling from the parachute, was instantly killed, in the presence of her parents and a crowd of spectators.

Why was this ascension permitted? A law of the State expressly prohibits parachute exhibitions under a penalty of two hundred and fifty dollars fine and one year's imprisonment. The act applies as well to the parties who procure or encourage the exhibition as to those who engage in it. It has been in existence for over two years, and is known of all. This law was deliberately violated. What do the State and county authorities propose to do in

the matter? Is the contemptuous disregard of law to go unnoticed? Are killings of this sort to be encouraged as a habitual popular amusement at county fairs and other places of entertainment?

There is no sort of excuse for this toleration of the spirit of lawlessness by those who are set for its suppression. There are dozens and scores of laws upon our statute-books—laws relating to the public health, the safety of travel, the security of person and property—which are violated with impunity every day in the year. Here is the matter of the desecration of natural scenery with hideous advertising placards, an evil against which the press has thundered incessantly for years, and which is prohibited by positive law, but which thrives and flourishes with the connivance of the authorities just as if it were a real benefice. The Palisades on the Hudson are being daubed and plastered, more and more, with offensive devices of every sort, and the time is coming when, if things go on as at present, every bit of picturesque scenery in the State will be marred or altogether obscured in this vandal fashion. Why is not the law against this sort of thing enforced by those who are responsible for its execution?

It is just this indifference to the infraction of laws which are general in character and do not specifically touch any personal interests which encourages and is responsible for the growing contempt for law and the authority of government as a whole—for the widening and deepening currents of lawlessness which menace all the muniments of the social order. If we would have men regard the laws which have to do with the most sacred interests they must be taught to obey those which relate to matters of apparently secondary concern and which must depend for their enforcement upon the average virtue of community. So long as we permit laws like those relating to hot-air parachute ballooning and to the defacement of natural scenery to be habitually and ostentatiously violated, we will have no reason to complain when other law-breakers audaciously trample under foot the statutes designed for our protection against the most dangerous evils of the social state.

Municipal Rapid Transit.

HE voters of New York will be called upon, at the coming election, to decide whether rapid transit shall be supplied by the municipality, or whether the people of the metropolis shall be thrown for an indefinite period upon the tender mercies of the Manhattan Railway Company. This company operates the present system of elevated roads in this city, and it is to its interest to defeat any scheme for genuine rapid transit which would make inroads upon the excessive traffic of the elevated lines.

Hitherto all efforts to secure any rapid transit except by the inadequate facilities of the elevated roads have been effectively blocked by the foolish action and the stupid inaction of the rapid-transit commissioners. These gentlemen have seemed always to be working in the interests of the Manhattan Railway Company. Undoubtedly the commissioners have been under the control of Tammany. The question has often been asked: Where did the Tammany bosses get their millions? The investigation of the Lexow committee points out some of the vile and debased sources from which this wealth came. But there are other sources, and in searching for them an examination of the books and of the officers of the elevated railways would seem to be in order.

But the Manhattan Railway Company should not be permitted to prevent rapid transit in New York. It is too crying a necessity to be put aside much longer. Something must be done, and though it is in general terms poor policy for a municipality to go into any business that it can keep out of, this business of supplying a quick and pleasant method of transit between the north and south ends of Manhattan Island does not appear to be one that the municipality can escape. Tammany is opposed to the building of underground roads by the city, and those newspapers which Tammany can control or the elevated roads can hire are opposed to it. But the people must have rapid transit, and as municipal railroad-building appears to be the only way they can get it, they should express themselves at the polls in favor of that policy.

The Roberts Interview.

THE power of the interview as a factor in the life of the world was never better illustrated than by the publication, some days ago, of a talk with the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Mr. George Brooke Roberts. Three influential morning newspapers in New York City, five in Philadelphia, and one each in Pittsburgh, Boston, St. Louis, Chicago, and other cities about which the business activities of the day, printed this interview as a matter of news. The afternoon newspapers everywhere commented on it. The second morning many journals which had not contained the original interview in their columns published letters from prominent citizens commenting on its statements and congratulating the public that such a trustworthy and suggestive forecast of the prosperity



which awaits the republic had been so authoritatively spread abroad. Before a week had elapsed, note, comment, and republication in the newspapers of the United States already sufficed to fill a large scrap book.

The interview is the oldest method of disseminating news. To talk with a man who knew something and then go and tell people what he said, was interviewing in the time of Job and Homer. Instead of repeating by word of mouth we moderns use the quadruple printing-press. But the interview is the same. Three things are essential to its value: the importance of the interviewee, or person talked to; the force of what he says, and the skill and fidelity of the interviewer. Mr. Roberts ranks in point of position and influence as a man of conspicuous importance. As the president of the railroad company in whose service he has labored for forty-three years, he has more power, over more people, than the President of the United States. A million persons are supported by the pay-rolls of his railroad system, and as many more by its dividends. Of more than a score of thousand stockholders, scattered over this country and Great Britain, many are widows and orphans. There is no more welcome breakfast-table reading for such as they than his strong, conservative, yet hopeful views of American industries, the causes of those recent periods of depression and distress called "panics," and the irresistible growth and prosperity of the great nation in which we live, and of which we are proud to be a part. That is the kind of news that is welcome in every home, in every work-shop, and in every counting-room in the land. It is recognized as in no sense the utterances of a professional talker, for Mr. Roberts had never before been interviewed thus, nor the speculative devices of a jobber, for the stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is not listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Their truth and weight are self-evident.

Mr. Roberts stands apart from most men of his conspicuous position in the world of affairs. His life is divided between his home and his office. His face is unknown at public gatherings, unless they be meetings of his stockholders. He is an "old-fashioned man," in his ideas and in his preference for the good old fashions of work and thrift. Mr. John Paul Bocock, who obtained this interview, is to be congratulated on it.

An Instructive Contrast.


PROFESSOR MERLINO'S sketch of the Camorra, Mafia and brigandage of Italy, in the *Political Science Quarterly* for September, converts the depravity of our New York City police into a case of arrested development, a lively initiative looking toward a future condition of fully-organized wickedness, but cruelly nipped in the bud by the untimely industry of Dr. Parkhurst and Mr. Goff. In this point of view the finer and more matured evolution of the various Italian forms of organized crime are instructive as showing us exactly the condition to which New York might attain if the rule of imperial vice over the city had a few more years in which to intrench and make its position secure.

The ward man in New York City may indeed have collected a monthly fee from ship companies, but he never quite rose to the sublime impudence of stepping between the incoming ship and the Federal collector of customs, and pocketing the whole revenue due to the government on imported goods, so that for several years the Federal government could get no revenue on imports whatever. Yet this, says Professor Merlino, of Naples, is exactly wherein the Camorra of Italy were far in advance of the bummers and heelers of Tammany Hall, for so vigorous were they in Naples that on a certain day the entire sum they permitted the Italian government to collect as customs from all vessels entering Naples was but five cents! Ninety Camorristi were then arrested in one night, and on the next day the government collected in revenues from the same source four thousand lire (eight hundred dollars), other revenues (of the city, etc.) rising in sympathy.

Neither have Tammany Hall's ward-licensed thieves ever become so omnipotent that the city of New York, through its mayor and common council, have issued a decree substituting the ward men and Tammany heelers as such, in lieu of the regularly-appointed city police. Yet this is what the dictatorial government of Naples did in 1860 in behalf of the Camorra. It found this ramified organization of independent cut-throats so much more powerful than the city police of Naples that it committed to it the ordinary functions of a regular police, and we are told that, although a few thefts were committed, yet on the whole matters proceeded satisfactorily. Here is a hint worth noting for our perplexed city government. Why not adopt the Neapolitan precedent, dismiss Byrnes and the police commissioners out of hand, and call upon the gentlemen whose likenesses fill the rogues' gallery, with the aid of the leading thieves who have been collecting revenue from all forms of vice, to take entire charge of all police business, including the courts?

The Camorra of Italy were superior to the Tammany ward man in general utility. They extorted money, but

in return they rendered many useful services, and ruled by their bravery, which the ward man never did. The Camorrist might murder an inconvenient friend now and then, in a perfectly friendly way, but he also settled many disputes without resorting to capital punishment. He seldom attacked well-bred people, while the ward man "went for" the millionaire as well as the street-walker, impartially. The Camorra defended cab-drivers against the introduction of omnibuses; tested the weights and charged a sou per basket or sack for sanctioning a merchant's weights and measures; collected the day's sales from fruit-venders and paid them over, less their charge, to the farmer who sold them the fruit; guaranteed on a horse-sale the quality of the horse to the buyer, and payment of the price to the seller. They were good on guarantees, since if the party they were surety for did not keep them whole they cut him in pieces. When the bishop and the magistrate in vain ordered the seducer to marry the girl he had betrayed, resort was had to the Camorra, whose order was invariably respected, because to disobey it was death. Just where the law is always weakest, in gambling-dens, low taverns and prisons, the Camorra was strongest. One of the most lucrative enterprises of the Camorra was the organization of religious *fêtes*, which are such an important feature of popular life in Naples.

The ward men and police of New York did not organize religious festivals under that name, but the testimony before the Lexow committee brings out conspicuously the fact that they organized most of the associations formed to honor the names of obscure citizens, generally proprietors or bar-keepers in gin-mills, who are utterly unknown to the general public, except as a summer excursion or a winter ball is annually held in their honor.

The lesson which all this seems to teach is that ordinary human nature needs a certain measure of government. If for any reason government is lax and careless, and the reputable classes fail in the duties of citizenship, the vicious proceed to generate spontaneously a government through crime, in lieu of the rule of law. When magistrates tamper with crime and profit out of vice, straightway these classes establish a new system of magistracy in which they become distributors of human rights and the fountain of honor and of privilege.

WHAT'S GOING ON

WITH all his faults, Senator Hill has one commendable quality: he has the courage of his convictions. He is not afraid to face the consequences of his own iniquitous acts. Thus, when he had compelled his party to nominate Isaac H. Maynard, the election thief, for judge of the Court of Appeals, the Senator publicly proclaimed his approval of the acts which that nomination was designed to reward. "Justice, honor, propriety, and the usages of the party," he said, "demanded the nomination. He has made a satisfactory judge of the Court of Appeals. He has not disgraced the court, but has honored it, in my opinion." Having planned the steal which Maynard executed, this commendation was only natural and proper; but there are some politicians who, under like circumstances, would have shrunk from applauding their own crime. By all means let the Senator have his due. Nothing that can be said in his favor will avert from his fate the same fate precisely which fell upon and crushed his facile dupe.

IN accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, Mr. John E. Russell said: "We will lose because the times are against us." There is more in this confession than Mr. Russell intended. Why are the times against the Democracy? Two years ago the party swept the country, securing control of every department of the general government and wresting from the Republicans States which had been in their control almost continuously ever since the Civil War. How is it that now, thus buttressed and intrenched, it is everywhere suffering disaster? It is simply and wholly because in its stupidity and incompetency, defying all the lessons of experience and all the principles of enlightened statesmanship, it has initiated an economic policy which disturbs confidence, paralyzes enterprise, and menaces all the substantial financial and industrial interests of the country. "The times" are against it because it has by its own act arrayed against itself all the forces which go to make up public opinion; and its success in the coming elections is impossible because it has demonstrated that it cannot be trusted either on the score of capacity or integrity.

THE Belgian system of manhood suffrage is likely to undergo important modifications as the result of the recent elections, in which the Liberals suffered a serious defeat. Belgium has, under the present constitution, a total of 1,370,687 voters as against 136,000 voters under its restricted suffrage, but under the provision for plural voting 2,111,127 votes may be actually cast. This provision is specially advantageous to the clerical, every one of the ten thousand priests being allowed to cast three votes, while a workingman can deposit only one ballot. In the elections just held the clerical gained a number of seats in Parliament, but it is significant that the socialists made

still heavier gains, and there is no doubt that, encouraged by their successes, they will continue their agitation against the clerical with an energy which will finally compel the abandonment of the plural-voting feature which now operates so greatly to their prejudice. The intensity of the popular feeling over the result of the elections is shown by the fact that it was followed in some places by violent assaults upon the clerical. Socialism in Belgium easily drifts into excesses, and it will flower into open anarchy upon the slightest provocation, such as would be afforded by a persistence in the existing suffrage system.

*
THE English newspapers continue their predictions that British manufacturers will be able to recover under the Wilson Tariff act everything they lost under the McKinley act. Thus the London *Times* says that "there is once more an opportunity to go in and possess the land." "Nearly every branch of English manufacture suitable for the American markets," it remarks, "will either directly or indirectly receive a stimulus from the new tariff. The metal trades have already greatly improved since the tariff became law, and makers of tin-plates, of which America is our largest customer, are looking forward to brisk business in the near future." The Sheffield trades, it adds, will be especially benefited. The Birmingham *Post* expects a "large and immediate increase in American imports of English woolens," and has no doubt that "the impulse given to that and other textile branches by the new tariff will react favorably upon other branches of English trade by furnishing increased employment to factory hands and augmenting the profits of their employers." It will be of interest to learn how our American workingmen will relish the prospect, which is thus spread out before them, of the ruinous competition of British labor in our own markets.

*
THE savings banks of a community are a pretty accurate barometer of its industrial condition. An increase in their deposits is indicative of the prosperity of the working classes, while a shrinkage in the assets of the banks affords positive proof of a business decline and reduced earnings. Keeping this fact in mind, the statistics printed in the report of the Democratic superintendent of the banking department of this State are full of significance. It is shown by this report that during the last year of President Harrison's administration, ending January 1st, 1893, the savings-bank deposits increased by the phenomenal amount of \$40,932,853; while in the course of his four years' administration they increased from \$523,677,815 to \$629,358,273, or \$105,680,758. The lowest annual increase under that administration was \$13,755,448. In the first year of Cleveland's administration, on the other hand, the total deposits decreased by \$12,268,825, the year's aggregate being only \$617,089,448. As illustrating still more conclusively the disastrous influence of Democratic rule, the report referred to shows the remarkable fact that during the year ending with June last the savings-banks depositors of this State drew out \$34,381,791 more than they put in. This sum, representing in the main interest on previous deposits and savings, undoubtedly was used in supporting the working-men and their families who were out of work. One of the questions to be decided in this election is as to whether the party which has produced these results by its unwise and destructive policy can be safely intrusted with a further lease of power.

*
AN Ohio correspondent takes exception to some recent remarks in this paper concerning the inadequacy and lack of organization of the militia in several Western States. He declares that so far as Ohio is concerned our criticisms were altogether unwarranted and unjust. "The National Guard of Ohio," he says, "has always shown its efficiency and reliability, and upon more than one occasion has rendered valuable service, notably during the great railway strikes of 1877, when its presence at the various railroad centres of the State saved the lives and property of citizens, and in 1884, when it repelled and quelled the mobs which had burned the Hamilton County jail and court-house in Cincinnati and were about to sack the town." Our correspondent gives other instances of the efficiency of the militia of the State, the latest being the service rendered during the mining troubles in June last. While the article which has provoked these statements referred only inferentially to Ohio, and was designed more specifically as a criticism upon the situation in other States, we are happy to correct, by the publication of the facts here given, any false impression which it may have made. Another correspondent, writing from Chicago, takes exception to the same editorial as doing injustice to the militia of Illinois. He says:

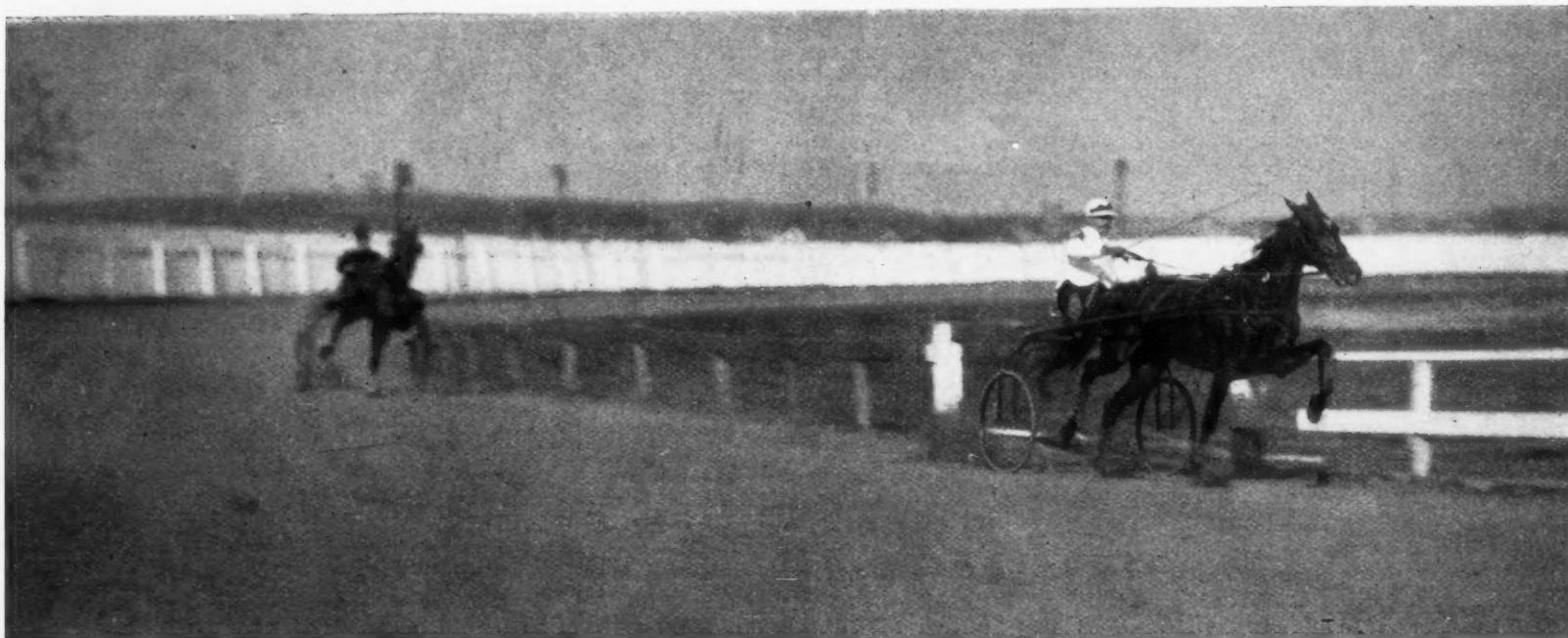
"Illinois has a little army of citizen soldiery of about five thousand men, organized into three brigades. There are seven regiments of infantry, two troops of cavalry, and two batteries of light artillery. All of these troops were engaged in the recent rebellion, so called, and reported over ninety-five per cent. of their membership for duty. Some of these commands were on duty for much more than a month, yet in none of them was there any disobedience of orders or serious breach of discipline reported. During this time many men lost their positions on account of being on duty with the Guard, yet not more than two or three cases of desertion occurred, and they were promptly and severely punished. As for the organization, it is so perfect that when the First Regiment of Chicago was ordered, late in the afternoon, to a point over two hundred miles distant, the colonel reported at the place named with six hundred and fifty of the seven hundred men of his command before sunrise the next morning."



ALIX WARMING UP.



DIRECTUM BEFORE THE RACE.

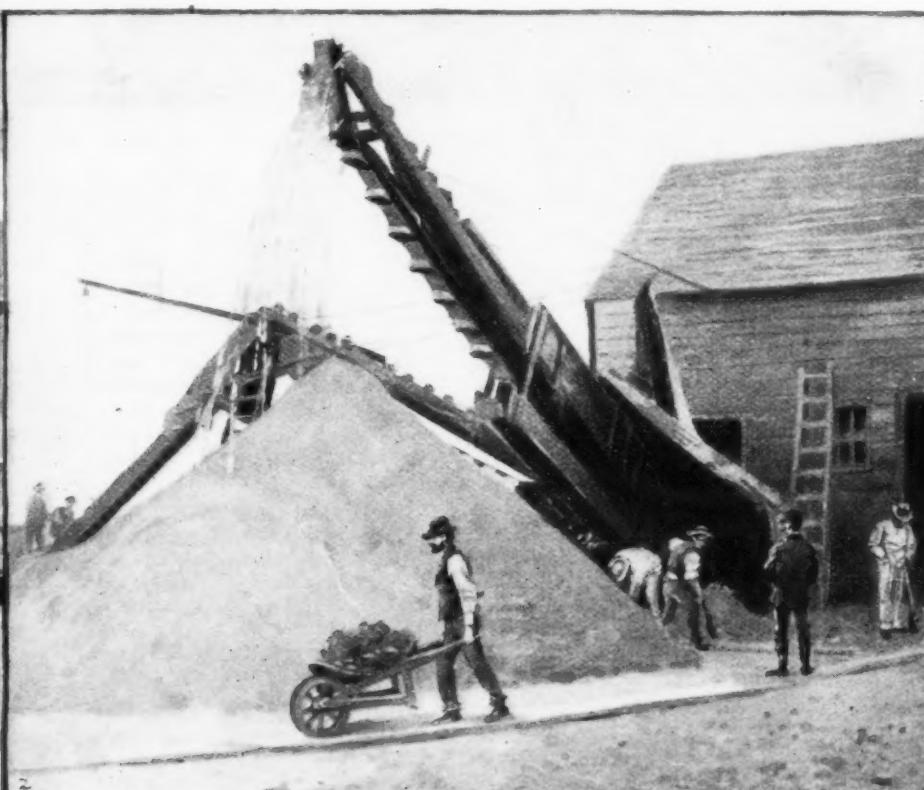


COMING INTO STRETCH ONE-QUARTER MILE FROM FINISH—ALIX WINNING THE FIRST HEAT.

THE SENSATIONAL DEFEAT OF DIRECTUM IN THE RACE WITH ALIX AT MYSTIC PARK, BOSTON, OCTOBER 20TH.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.



1. DIPPERS SCOOPING THE SAND OUT OF THE SEA.



2. SAND AND GRIT ELEVATORS AT WORK.

3. LOADING VESSELS WITH THE PREPARED SAND.

HOW SEA-SAND AND GRAVEL ARE PREPARED FOR USE—DRAWN BY C. MENTE.—[SEE PAGE 285.]



"But Sherburne, kneeling by him, felt his own new soul moved by a holy fire."

TALES OF PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.

A SERIES OF NINE SHORT STORIES BY GILBERT PARKER.

V.—THE RED PATROL.



ST. AUGUSTINE'S, Canterbury, had given him its licentiate's hood, the bishop of Rupert's Land had ordained him, and the North had swallowed him. He had gone forth with his surplice, stole, hood, a sermon-case, the prayer-book and that other. Indian camps, trappers' huts, and Hudson's Bay Company's posts had given him hospitality, and had heard him with patience and consideration. At first he wore the surplice, stole and hood, took the Eastward position, and intoned the service, and no man said him nay, but looked curiously and was sorrowful—he was so youthful, clear of eye, and bent on doing heroic things. But little by little there came a change. The hood was left behind at Fort o' Glory, where it provoked the derision of the Methodist missionary who followed him; the sermon-case stayed at Fort o' Battle, and at last the surplice itself at the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Yellow Quill. He was too excited and in earnest at first to see the effect of his ministrations, but there came slowly over him the knowledge that he was talking into space. He felt something returning on him out of the air into which he talked, and buffeting him. It was the Spirit of the North, in which lives the awful natural, the large heart of things, the soul of the past. He awoke to his inadequacy, to the fact that all these men to whom he talked listened, and only listened, and treated him with a gentleness which was almost pity—as one might a woman. He had talked doctrine, the church, the sacraments, and at Fort o' Battle he awoke to the futility of his work. What was to blame—the church—religion—himself?

It was at Fort o' Battle he met pretty Pierre, and there that he heard a voice say over his shoulder as he walked out into the icy evening: "The voice of one crying in the wilderness . . . and he had sackcloth about his loins, and his food was locusts and wild honey."

He turned to see Pierre, who in the large room of the post had sat and watched him as he prayed and preached. He remembered the keen, curious eye, the musing look, the habitual disdain at the lips. It had all touched him, confused him. And now he had a kind of anger.

"You know it so well, why don't you preach yourself?" he said, feverishly.

"I have been preaching all my life," Pierre answered, dryly.

"The devil's games: cards and law-breaking, and you sneer at men who try to bring lost sheep into the fold."

"The fold of the church—yes, I understand all that," Pierre answered. "I have heard you and the priests of my father's church say that. Which is right? But as for me—I am a missionary. I have preached. Cards, law-breaking—these are what I have done. But these are not what I have preached."

"What have you preached?" asked the other, walking on into the fast-gathering night, beyond the post and the Indian lodges into the wastes where frost and silence lived.

Pierre waved his hand toward space. "This," he said.

"What's this?" asked the other, fretfully.

"The thing you feel round you here."

"I feel the cold," was the petulant reply.

"I feel the immense, the far off," said Pierre, slowly. The other did not understand as yet. "You've learned big words," he said.

"No; big things," rejoined Pierre, sharply—"a few."

"Let me hear you preach them," half-snarled Sherburne.

"You will not like to hear them—no."

"I'm not likely to think about them one way or another," was the contemptuous reply.

Pierre's eyes half closed. The young, impetuous, half-baked college man, to set his little knowledge against his own studious vagabondage! At that instant he determined to play a game and win; to turn this man into a vagabond also; to see John the Baptist become a Bedouin. He saw the doubt, the uncertainty, the shattered vanity in the youth's mind, the missionary's half-retreat from his cause. A crisis was at hand. The youth was

fretful with his great theme, instead of being severe upon himself. For days and days Pierre's presence had acted on him silently, but forcibly. He had listened to the vagabond's philosophy, and knew that it was of a deeper—so much deeper—knowledge of life than he himself possessed, and he knew also that it was terribly true; he was not wise enough to see it was only true in part. The influence had been insidious, delicate, cunning, and he himself was only "a voice crying in the wilderness," without the simple creed of that voice. He knew that the Methodist missionary was believed in more, and less liked, than himself.

Pierre would work now with all the latent devilishness of his nature to unseat the man from his saddle.

"You have missed the great thing, *alors*, though you have been up here two years," he said. "You do not feel, you do not know. What good have you done? Who has got on his knees and changed his life because of you? Who has told his beads or longed for the Mass because of you? Tell me, who has ever said, 'You have showed me how to live.' Even the women, though they cry sometimes when you sing-song the prayers, go on just the same when the little 'bless you' is over. Why? Most of them know a better thing than you tell them. Here is the truth; you are little—eh, so very little. You never lied—direct; you never stole the waters that are sweet; you never knew the big dreams that came with wine in the dead of night; you never swore at your own soul and heard it laugh back at you; you never put your face in the breast of a woman—no; do not look so wild at me!—you never had a child; you never saw the world and yourself through the doors of life. You never have said, 'I am tired; I am sick of all; I have seen it all.' You have never felt what came after—understanding. *Chut*, your talk is for children—and missionaries. You are a prophet without a call, you are a leader without a man to lead, you are less than a child up here. For here the children feel a peace in their blood when the stars come out, and a joy in their brains when the dawn comes up and reaches a yellow hand to the pole, and the west wind shouts at them. Holy Mother! we

in the far North, we feel things, for all the great souls of the dead are up there at the pole in the pleasant land, and we have seen the Scarlet Hunter and the Kimash hills. You have seen nothing. You have only heard, and because, like a child, you have never sinned, you come and preach to us!"

The night was folding down fast, all the stars were shooting out into their places, and in the north the white lights of the aurora were flying to and fro. Pierre had spoken with a slow force and precision, yet, as he went on, his eyes almost became fixed on those shifting lights, and a deep look came into them, as he was moved by his own eloquence. Never in his life had he made so long a speech at once. He paused, and then said, suddenly: "Come, let us run."

He broke into a long, sliding trot, and Sherburne did the same. With their arms gathered to their sides they ran for quite two miles without a word, until the heavy breathing of the minister brought Pierre up suddenly.

"You do not run well," he said; "you do not run with the whole body. You know so little. Did you ever think how much such men as Jean Criveau know? The earth they read like a book, the sky like an animal's ways, and a man's face like—the writing on the wall."

"Like the writing on the wall?" said Sherburne, musing; for, under the other's influence, his petulance was gone. He knew that he was not a part of this life, that he was ignorant of it; of, indeed, all that was vital in it and in men and women.

"I think you began this too soon. You should have waited; then you might have had one good. But here we are wiser than you. You have no message—no real message—to give us; down in your heart you are not even sure of yourself."

Sherburne sighed. "I'm of no use," he said. "I'll get out. I'm no good at all."

Pierre's eyes glistened. He remembered how, the day before, this youth had said hot words about his card-playing; had called him—in effect—a thief; had treated him as an inferior, as became one who was of St. Augustine's, Canterbury.

"It is the great thing to be free," Pierre said, "that no man shall look for this or that of you. Just to do as far as you feel, as far as you are sure—that is the thing. In this you are not sure—no. *Hein*, is it not?"

Sherburne did not answer. Anger, distrust, wretchedness, the spirit of the alien, loneliness, were alive in him. The magnetism of this deep, penetrating man, possessed of a devil, was on him, and in spite of every reasonable instinct he turned to him for companionship.

"It's been a failure," he burst out, "and I'm sick of it—sick of it, but I can't give it up."

Pierre said nothing. They had come to what seemed a vast semicircle of ice and snow, a huge amphitheatre in the plains. It was wonderful; a great round wall on which the northern lights played, into which the stars peered. It was open toward the north, and in one side was a fissure shaped like a Gothic arch. Pierre pointed to it, and they did not speak till they had passed through it and stood inside. Like great seats the steppes of snow ranged round, and in the centre was a kind of plateau of ice, as it might seem a stage or an altar. To the north there was a great opening, the lost arc of the circle, through which the mystery of the Pole swept in and out, or brooded there where no man may question it. Pierre stood and looked.

Time and again he had been here, and had asked the same question: Who had ever sat on those frozen benches and looked down at the drama on that stage below? Who played the parts? Was it a farce or a sacrifice? To him had been given the sorrow of imagination, and he wondered and wondered. Or did they come still—those strange people, whoever they were—and watch ghostly gladiators at their deadly sport? If they came, when was it? Perhaps they were there now unseen. In spite of himself he shuddered. Who was the keeper of the house?

Through his mind there ran—pregnant to him for the first time—a chanson of the Scarlet Hunter, the Red Patrol, the sentinel of the North, who guarded the sleepers in the Kimash hills against the time they should awake and possess the land once more; the friend of the lost, the lover of the vagabond, and all who had no home:

"Strangers come to the outer walls—
(*Why do the sleepers stir?*)
Strangers enter the Judgment House—
(*Why do the sleepers sigh?*)
Slow they rise in their judgment seats,
Sieve and measure the naked souls,
Then with a blessing return to sleep—
(*Quiet the Judgment House.*)
Lone and sick are the vagrant souls—
(*When shall the world come home?*)"

He reflected the words, and a feeling of awe came over him, for he had been in the White Valley and had seen the Scarlet Hunter. But there came at once also a sinister desire—to play

a game for this man's life-work here. He knew that the other was ready for any wild move; there was upon him the sense of failure and disgust; he was acted on by the magic of the night, the terrible delight of the scene, and that might be turned to advantage.

Pierre said: "Am I not right? There is something in the world greater than the creeds and the book of the Mass. To be free and to enjoy, that is the thing. Never before have you felt what you feel here now. And I will show you more. I will teach you how to know, I will lead you through all the North and make you to understand the things of life. Then, when you have known, you can return if you will. But now—see; I will tell you what I will do. Here on this great platform we will play a game of cards. There is a man whose life I can ruin. If you win, I promise to leave him safe, and to go out of the far North forever, to go back to Quebec"—he had a kind of gaming fever in his veins—"if I win, you give up the church, leaving behind the prayer-book, the Bible and all, coming with me to do what I shall tell you for the passing of twelve moons. It is a great stake—will you play it? Come"—he leaned forward looking into the other's face—"will you play it? They drew lots—those people in the Bible. We will draw lots, and see, eh?—and see?"

"I'll do it," said Sherburne, with a little gasp. "I accept the stake."

Without a word they went upon that platform, shaped like an altar, and Pierre at once drew out a pack of cards, shuffling them with his mitten hands. Then he knelt down and said, as he laid out the cards one by one till there were thirty: "Whoever gets the ace of hearts first, wins—hein?"

Sherburne nodded and knelt also. The cards lay back upwards in three rows. For a moment neither stirred. The white, metallic stars saw it, the small crescent moon beheld it, and the wide awe of night made it strange and dreadful. Once or twice Sherburne looked round as though he felt others present, and once Pierre looked out to the wide portals, as though he saw some one entering. But there was nothing to the eye—nothing. Presently Pierre said: "Begin."

The other drew a card, then Pierre drew one, then the other, then Pierre again, and so on. How slow the game was! Neither hurried, but both, kneeling, looked and looked at the card long before drawing and turning it over. The stake was weighty, and Pierre loved the game more than he cared about the stake. Sherburne cared nothing about the game, but all his soul seemed set upon the hazard. There was not a sound out of the night, nothing stirring but the Spirit of the North. Twenty, twenty-five cards were drawn, and then Pierre paused.

"In a minute all will be settled," he said. "Will you go on, or will you pause?"

But Sherburne had got the madness of chance in his veins now, and he said: "Quick, quick, go on!"

Pierre drew, but the great card held back. Sherburne drew, then Pierre again. There were three left. Sherburne's face was as white as the snow around him. His mouth was open and a little white cloud of frosted breath came out. His hand hungered for the card, drew back, then seized it. A moan broke from him. Then Pierre, with a little weird laugh, reached out and turned over—the ace of hearts.

They both stood up. Pierre put the cards in his pocket.

"You have lost," he said.

Sherburne threw back his head with a reckless laugh. The laugh seemed to echo and echo through the amphitheatre, and then from the frozen seats, the hillocks of ice and snow, there was a long, low sound as of sorrow, and a voice came after:

"Sleep—sleep! Blessed be the just and the keepers of rows."

Sherburne stood shaking as if he had seen a host of spirits. His eyes on the great seats of judgment, he said to Pierre:

"See, see, how they sit there, gray and cold and awful!"

But Pierre shook his head.

"There is nothing," he said, "nothing"; yet he knew that Sherburne was looking upon the men of judgment of the Kimash hills, the sleepers. And he looked round, half fearfully, for if here were those great children of the ages, where was the keeper of the house, the Red Patrol?

Even as he thought, a figure in scarlet with a noble face and a high pride of bearing stood before them, not far away. Sherburne clutched his arm and Pierre muttered an *ave*.

Then the Red Patrol, the Scarlet Hunter, spoke:

"Why have you sinned your sins, and broken your vows within our house of judgment? Know ye not that in the new springtime of the world ye shall be outcast, because ye have called the sleepers to judgment before their time? But I am the hunter of the lost. Go you," he said to Sherburne, pointing, "where a

sick man lies in a hut in the Shikam Valley. In his soul find thine own again." Then to Pierre: "For thee, thou shalt know the desert and the storm and the lonely hills; thou shalt neither seek nor find. Go, and return no more."

The two men, Sherburne falteringly, stepped down and moved to the open plain. They turned at the great entrance and looked back. Where they had stood there rested on his long bow the Red Patrol. He raised it, and a flaming arrow flew through the sky toward the south. They followed its course, and when they looked back a little afterward the great judgment-house was empty, and the whole North was silent as the sleepers.

At dawn they came to the hut in the Shikam Valley, and there they found a trapper dying. He had sinned greatly, and he could not die without some one to show him how, and to tell him what to say to the angel of the cross-roads; and his Indian guide knew only the password to the Lodge of the Great Fires.

But Sherburne, kneeling by him, felt his own new soul moved by a holy fire, and, first praying for himself, he said to the sick man: "For if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

And praying for both, his heart grew strong, and he heard the sick man say ere he journeyed forth to the cross-roads: "You have shown me the way. I have peace."

"Speak for me in the Presence," said Sherburne, softly.

The dying man could not answer, but as he journeyed forth that moment he held Sherburne's hand.

Late Afternoon in November.

THE tawny fields are belted round
With leafless woods of gray,
Sad with the memory of summer's face,
And summer's lay.
Overhead, on lazy, loitering wings,
Against a turquoise sky,
With out-craned necks and mocking caws,
The crows flock by.
The tented army of the corn
Waits in the lowlands brown;
The sun drops hazily behind
The smoke wreathed town.
Now quiet hushes with mute touch
The whispering grasses tall,
Lest, haply, she should fail to catch
Night's first footfall.
A bar of red gold gleams athwart
The west, and growth dim,
And fades, and darkness overflows
Deep twilight's brim.

INGRAM CROCKETT.

The Position of Woman in China.

We are still inclined to see in the inhabitants of China a nation of barbarians, though their ancient civilization, even if alien to our own, should command our respect. We think the queue of Chinese men and the crippled feet of the women ridiculous—yet it is not so many decades since we ourselves gave up the pigtail and periwig, while shoes of absurd form, even at the present day, frequently curtail the walking powers of our ladies and force the feet into unnatural shapes.

The principal point of interest to the observer of Chinese customs is the family life of the nation, and especially the position of its women.

In Europe parents and children usually form the family, a separate household. Children, at the period of marriage, leave their parents and establish a home for themselves. In China the daughters only leave the home nest; the sons remain and form, with their wives and children, parents and grandparents, a single family, whose head is always the oldest member. Thus it happens that in China a family may be very numerous, and the more members it contains, the more highly it is esteemed. Each family has its special maxims, a sort of code by which it is ruled and its whole revenue is managed. Individual members possess no property, the entire income flows into the family coffers, from which also the common expenses are defrayed. Hence one never hears in China: "That house or that field belongs to N. N.," but "to the N. N. family." The idea of the family is thus far more comprehensive in the Chinese empire than in Europe, and resembles more nearly the patriarchal relations which existed in Abraham's time in the Land of Canaan.

If in any way the harmony of the family is disturbed and peace cannot be restored, the law permits the division of the common property. In this case all the male members receive an equal share, while the women, on the other hand, have nothing. This apparent injustice is explained by the fact that the idea of a dowry is entirely unknown in China, while old bachelors and spinsters are regarded as phenomenal characters. Wives remain with their husbands, daughters with their parents, and widows with their children or other nearest relatives, so contention in this respect is wholly excluded. A woman requires no property because she is invariably part of a family, from whose means she has the same support as any other member. The choice of a wife in China is not the affair of the marriageable young man, but of the parents. The points considered are solely the rank, position, and influence of the bride's family, and personal qualities. She never brings property; this, with the exception of wedding gifts and a suitable outfit, always remains in the family. Marriages for money are unknown.

Among Western nations there is a widely prevalent belief that the Chinese woman is a ridiculous, grotesque person, who, hobbling about on her crippled feet, is confined to the house, and whose principal object is to continue the human race. This is a great mistake. The binding of the feet is practiced only in individual instances, and in extremely aristocratic families. The average Chinese woman can walk and run as well as her European sister, nor is she confined to the house. She goes out when she chooses, is carried in her litter, and does not even wrap herself in a veil to protect herself from indiscret eyes. True, she does not avail herself of the opportunity to go out as frequently as Western women; but this is partly because family life is more affectionate than with us, and also because Chinese houses, which are generally surrounded with large, beautiful gardens, have more sources of amusement provided than ours. Besides, the Chinese are naturally more domestic than Europeans; all their religious, political, and social traditions are associated with their family life. And upon her influence in the family depends the position of the Chinese woman. From their earliest childhood Chinese boys and girls receive a separate training, the former being prepared for the external world, the latter for the home, the family life. The Chinese believe that the more abstruse branches of knowledge would be a useless burden to women. According to their view woman does not need to be perfected, but, in a certain sense, is born perfect, and that she would never acquire by study either the kindness of heart or the charm given by nature to the ruler of the domestic hearth. These very views limit the Chinese woman's sphere of influence mainly to the family, but here her power is often far more lasting and deeper than that of the Western woman, precisely because the family forms the foundation of the whole structure of political and social life. It might be said that Chinese society does not consist of individuals, but of families. This unity of the family shows itself also in the right of the Chinese woman to wear the emblem of the rank which her husband holds in the government or in society. Nay, more, if one of the children attains a higher position in life than the parents, the latter also rise to this position, and of course in these by no means rare instances the mother enjoys the same rights and privileges as the father. Even the gift of nobility, which in China is often bestowed for special services, has the same retroactive power. It is not the children who inherit it, as in Europe, but the parents are ennobled by the deeds of their offspring. We must admit that this arrangement is theoretically more logical than the reversed order of affairs which obtains in Europe. From these facts we may perceive by what paths the Chinese woman will seek the goal of her ambition—the education of her children and the incitement of her husband. Feminine readers who know their own power can best estimate what a clever woman can accomplish within this sphere. Not only in the family circle, but in other directions, the Chinese woman has long been subjected to fewer restrictions than her European sister. The Chinese wife can represent her husband in all matters connected with the family. The law permits her to buy and sell the property held in common; she can conclude bargains, marry the children, grant them any wedding gifts she chooses—in short, she is endowed with great and far-reaching authority.

General Tscheng-Ki-Tong, who has been a keen observer of Western women, states in his book concerning his native land, that Chinese women are also true daughters of Eve, in so far as the expression implies the instinctive desire to rule the lords of creation. If we consider what scope the law and the social institutions of the empire bestow upon his countrywomen we shall understand why the Chinese woman finds it easy to forego the ball-rooms of the social world, where the European adorns herself with all the charms of her sex to win admiration. "The capital has many charms, but the domestic hearth always has its own also," says a Chinese proverb. These words best mark the difference between the position of women in China and in the West. Externally woman's place in the land of the yellow dragon may be a modest one, but in relation to family life the Chinese arrangement will doubtless obtain the approval of her sisters all over the world.

MARY J. SAFFORD.

Gilbert Parker.

SINCE the advent of Rudyard Kipling into the world of literature no new-comer has risen to a place beside the Anglo-Indian writer save Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, and the author of the remarkable tales now being published in this paper, "Pierre and His People." Like Kipling, Parker had new stories to tell about little-known places and unfamiliar people. The world was therefore ready to listen to him, and when he went to London three years or so ago he had no difficulty in making a place for himself. Mr. Parker is now thirty-three years old, but he has had experiences gained by travel and observation which make him seem older than he really is. His father was an officer in the English army, but settled in Canada sixty years ago. The son was educated or the

A man who strives to conquer and endure.
A woman's hand!—there is no better thing
Of all things human; it is half divine;
It hath been more to this lame life of mine.
When faith was weakness and despair was king.
Man more than all men, thou wast glad to bless
A woman's sacrifice and tenderness."

Few novelists have been content not to attempt poetry, and Mr. Parker is to be congratulated upon having come so respectably through the experience. As a story-teller Mr. Parker is very decidedly a romanticist, and it is therefore interesting to hear him speak on the ever-vexed subject as to the merits of the ideal and the real in fiction. He has said: "So far as my own personal feeling is concerned I am not a man of theories. Had I been impelled to write as a realist, I should have done so; but the natural bent of my mind was in another direction. I suppose I had seen what might be called the ad-



GILBERT PARKER.—Photograph by C. M. Gilbert.

church, but as he did not have a fondness for that profession he was never ordained. He felt always a desire to pursue literature as a calling, and seriously prepared himself by study for his life work. For several years he was professor of literature in the University of Toronto. His health failing, he went to the South Sea Islands, and then to Australia. In Sydney he lectured and also did newspaper work. While there he wrote two books, "Round the Compass in Australia" and "Below the Sun Line."

After he had recovered his health he concluded to go to England and begin his serious literary life. He took letters of introduction to several magazine editors. He says that he was treated politely by these gentlemen, but not assisted at all. He dealt only with entire strangers in securing the publication of his stories. But his first series of short stories, "Pierre and His People," convinced readers and editors that a new and powerful story-teller had come to town. Thereafter he had no difficulty in selling all that he could write.

Following this first success stories and novels came quickly from Parker's pen, and "Tales from the Far North" fixed him in the distinguished position he had made for himself. Then we had "The Chief Factor," "Miss Falchion," "The Translation of a Savage," and "The Trespasser." The latter is probably the best sustained of Mr. Parker's longer efforts, and in a powerful and impressive story worked out with admirable skill. Mr. Parker has also written successful dramas, produced in England by Rignold, and has issued one volume of poems. It is not as a poet that Mr. Parker will secure lasting fame, but he has no reason to be ashamed of his productions in verse. Here is a sonnet which shows the purity, simplicity, and elevation of Mr. Parker's mind.

"A woman's hand. Lo, I am thankful now
That with its touch I have walked all my days;
Rising from fateful and forbidden ways
To find a woman's hand upon my brow;
Soft as a pad of rose-leaves and as pure
As upraised palms of angels, seen in dreams;
And soothed by it, to stand as it beseems

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

The Chicago Academy
of Sciences.

THE opening of the Chicago Academy of Sciences on November 1st is but one of many indications both of the public spirit and the scientific progress of the Western metropolis. The academy itself is not a new institution; indeed, it is of very ancient origin in the Chicago chronology, dating its organization from the year 14 B. F., or nearly a decade and a half before the great fire. Indeed, it had just begun to display, in what was supposed to be a fire-proof building on Wabash Avenue, its already valuable collections, among them the Smithsonian collection of crustacea, the finest in the world; Dr. Stimpson's collection of marine shells and of invertebrates of the North Pacific, the Gulf Stream collection of Count Pourtales, the Kennicott Alaska collection, and others, when the entire contents of the museum, specimens, library, manuscripts and apparatus, were swept away by the fire that laid the whole city in ashes. Within twelve days after the fire, however, a meeting was held and steps were taken toward restoration. In two years a new building was opened with the nucleus of a library and museum. The zeal and activity of the members of the academy gave the institution a rapid and healthy growth, and public-spirited citizens recognized the necessity of providing a suitable building. Matthew Laflin gave seventy-five thousand dollars, and the Lincoln Park Board gave a site and added twenty-five thousand dollars more. The result is the present building which, though not large, is convenient and of dignified design. It is so constructed that when the growth of the academy shall require it a second and a third building may be added, forming a structure of considerable architectural beauty.

An important feature of the work and the collections of the academy is its locality, or limitation. It is not designed to cover the whole mundane field of natural science, but rather that of North America alone, and more particularly the United States and the State of Illinois. Thus especial endeavor will be made to form complete collections of the paleontology, geology, zoology, and botany of the State of Illinois first, and secondly of the United States and its waters, a work sufficiently comprehensive to more than fill, in a few years, the present building and the others contemplated.

The arrangement of the museum is exceedingly simple, the student beginning at the entrance and turning to the right, easily tracing, case by case, the natural history of the world from Creation to man. The shell collection numbers five thousand different species, all named by Professor Calkins, the English scientist, who compared them with the collections of the British Museum. There is a very complete showing of Cook County fossils (it has been confidently asserted that there were no fossils in Chicago), of the Chicago limestone, and in mineralogy there is little to be desired. The herbarium, for the field it covers, is one of the finest in the country, and the mounted birds, fish, and mammals include some rare specimens. Of course there is a mammoth, the finest and largest skeleton ever found in America. It came from the State of Washington and dates from a pre-glacial age.

The library occupies the south end of the first floor, and is pleasantly and practically arranged with curtained alcoves, where the student may consult the volumes of scientific lore in becoming solitude and quiet.

The president of the academy is Professor Selim H. Peabody, formerly president of the University of Illinois, and later chief of the department of liberal arts of the Columbian Exposition. The curator, Frank C. Baker, of the Rochester Academy of Sciences, has had the difficult task of arranging and placing the entire collection, and the result reflects much credit upon his taste and judgment.

THE AMATEUR ARFIELD

THE HARVARD BOATING CREW.

THE announcement that R. E. Watson, who was graduated from Harvard in '69, is to have for three years full charge of the boating interests of that university will be welcomed by the Harvard alumni and undergraduates, all of whom are weary of watching the series of victories on the water which Yale has been winning at New London. During the last ten years chaos has reigned at Cambridge, and there has been nothing like an established system of coaching. The ideas which one man has tried to inculcate in a single season have always been overthrown by his successor, and each Harvard crew has rowed differently from its predecessor. It will doubtless be of great benefit to the crews to be coached in a well-defined policy.

When Fennessy was chosen captain of the Harvard crew after the crushing defeat by Yale last June, he said openly that he meant to secure the services of some regular coach, no matter who it was, and if possible one who would be satisfactory to Harvard graduates. Two Harvard men were thought of at once, and but two—Mr. Watson and Colonel W. A. Bancroft, '78, now mayor of Cambridge. After a consultation which lasted all last summer, Fennessy made up his mind that Colonel Bancroft was the man to take charge, and arrangements tending to the appointment by the athletic committee were progressing until that body announced that it would not confirm any man who was to be paid for his services. Colonel Bancroft is in very moderate circumstances, and felt that he could not give up the time necessary for satisfactory work without some remuneration, and when the decision of the athletic committee was given out he withdrew his name. Mr. Watson is so situated that he needs no pay for his services. His name was then brought before the athletic committee at its last meeting, and he was unanimously confirmed. He has already begun work, and has had a crew on the river several times. The candidates will row until the weather keeps them off the Charles.

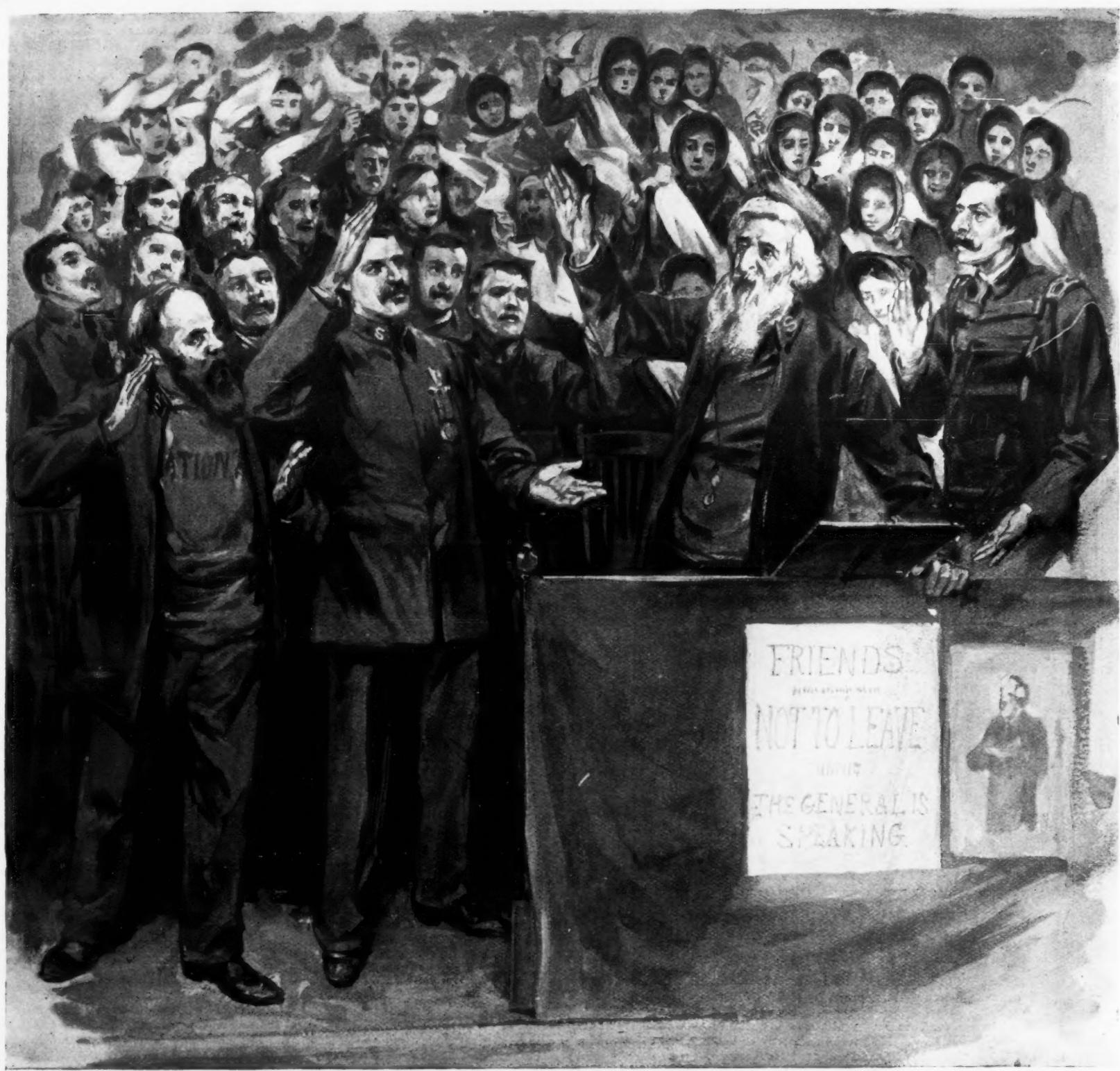
It cannot be denied that Colonel Bancroft was the choice of nearly all the younger graduates, but Mr. Watson's appointment was warmly advocated by the men who were in college with him or who rowed while he had charge of the Harvard crews, and these supporters have entire confidence in his ability to put Harvard once more in a position to win in time.

Mr. Watson did some desultory work with the crews soon after his graduation, but his first appearance as a regular coach was in 1876, when he had entire charge of the '79 freshman crew. This eight was beaten; but the men rowed so well that several of them were taken into the university boat by Mr. Bancroft, who was at that time captain of the Harvard crew. In 1877, 1878, and 1879 Mr. Watson coached the winning Harvard crews, working with the captain, Bancroft. In 1880 Mr. Watson did not coach, and in '81 he did so for only a few weeks. This crew was beaten. After that he appeared in Cambridge occasionally until 1888, when he again had charge of the university crew. Two other coaches were associated with him, but he was the chief adviser. That eight was badly beaten by the Yale record crew. In the succeeding years Mr. Watson has helped a little, but has not been intimately associated with Harvard rowing.

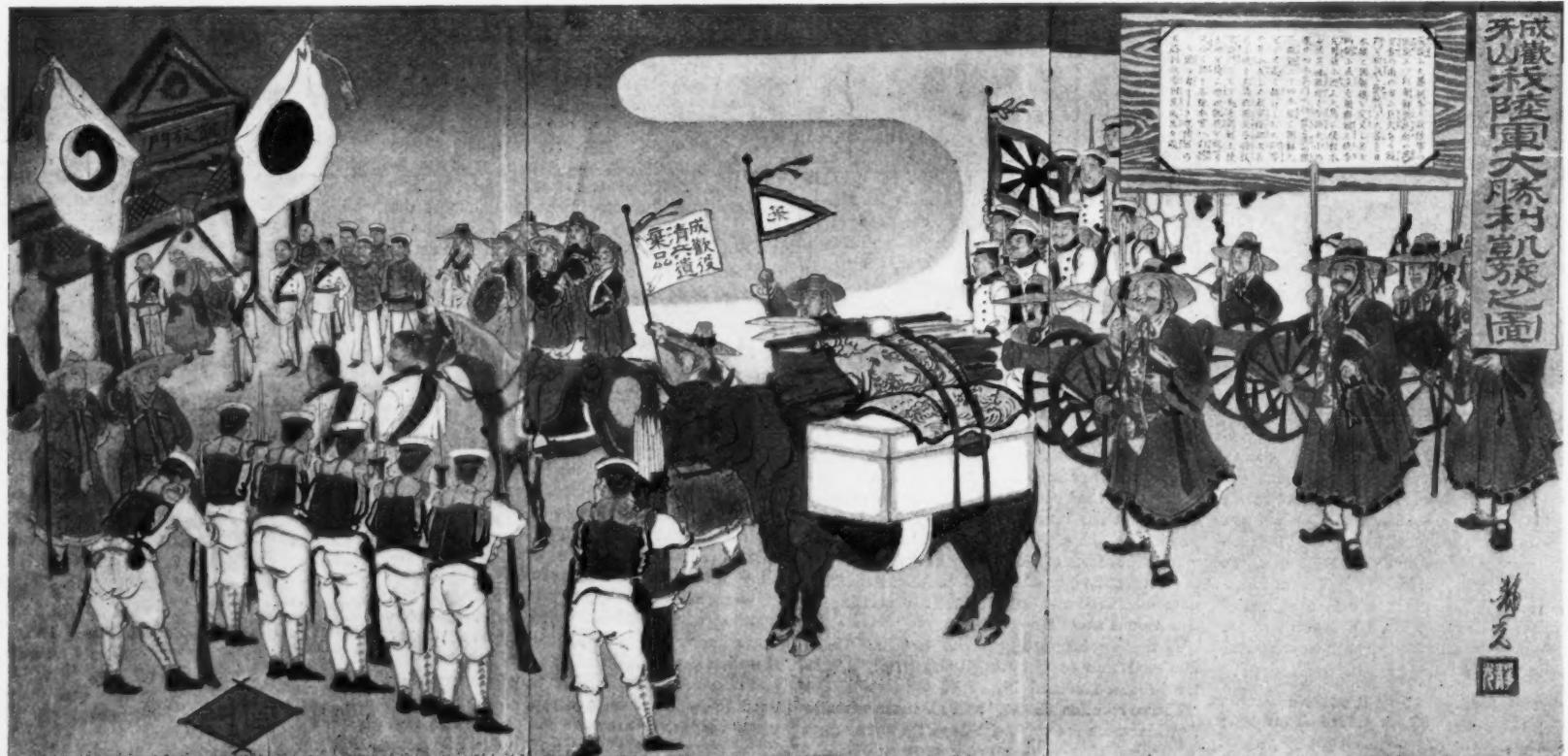
THE FOOT-BALL TEAMS.

Now that the strongest four college foot-ball elevens have been scored against they can feel sympathy for one another, but the poor showing which Princeton made against Cornell in this city has caused a great deal more talk than the bad fortune which Yale, Harvard, and Pennsylvania had. Princeton came very near being beaten; if the Ithaca players had been a little heavier the foot-ball champions would certainly have been much more frightened than they were, and as it was, their hearts were in their mouths until a second touch-down had been scored by Princeton. Still, the relatively poor form which the New Jersey players showed does not prove that the eleven is worse than it was last year when it won the championship. Cornell has spent the season in preparation for the Princeton game; that was the most important contest of the year for the eleven from Ithaca, and the coaches governed themselves accordingly. At Princeton, of course, the situation is different. There the games with Pennsylvania and Yale are the ones looked forward to, and the preliminary season is used simply as a means of getting the eleven in trim for those contests. When Captain Trenchard's eleven goes into the game with the University of Pennsylvania it will be very different from what it was in the Cornell game, although the same men may fill the positions.

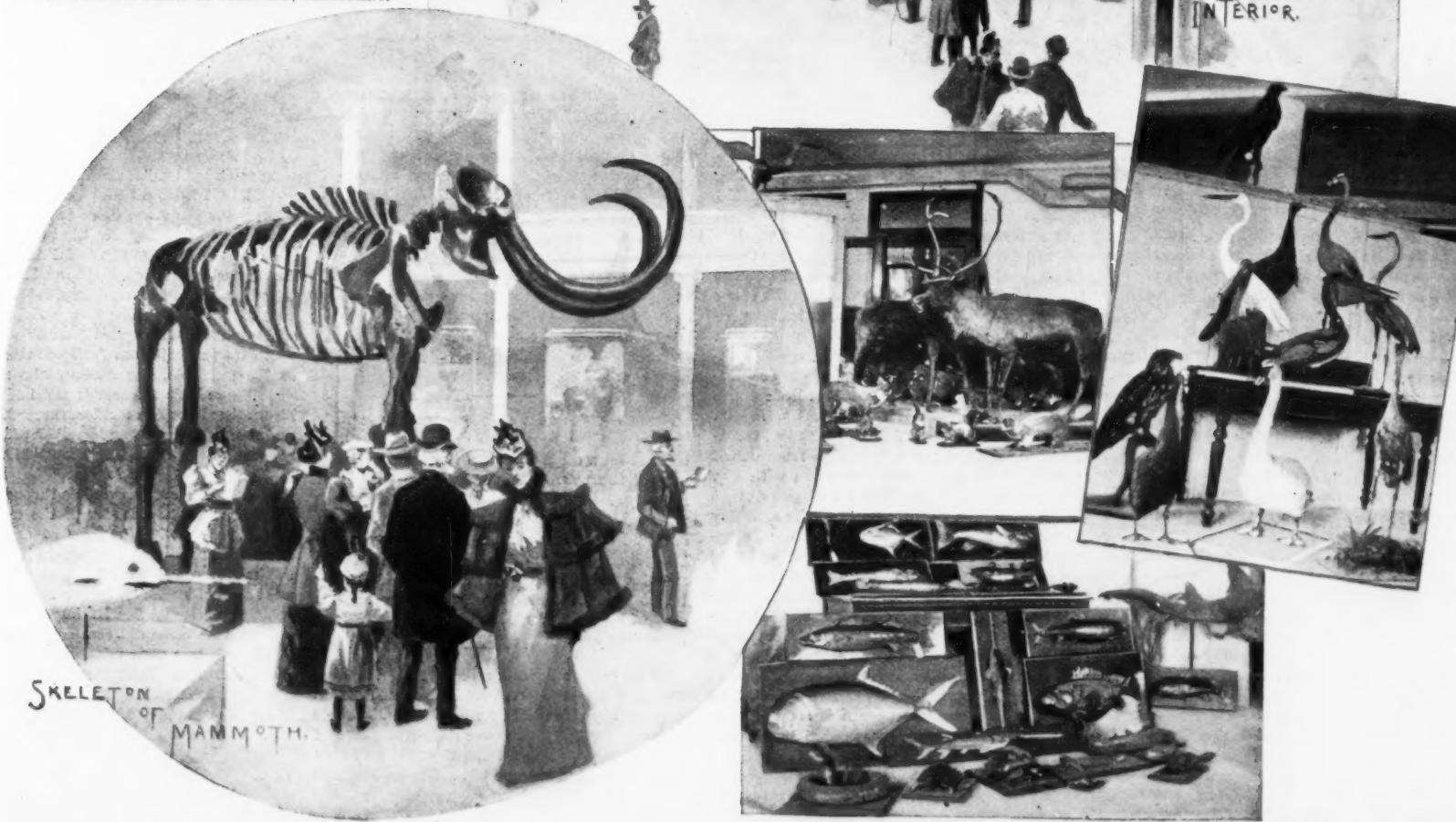
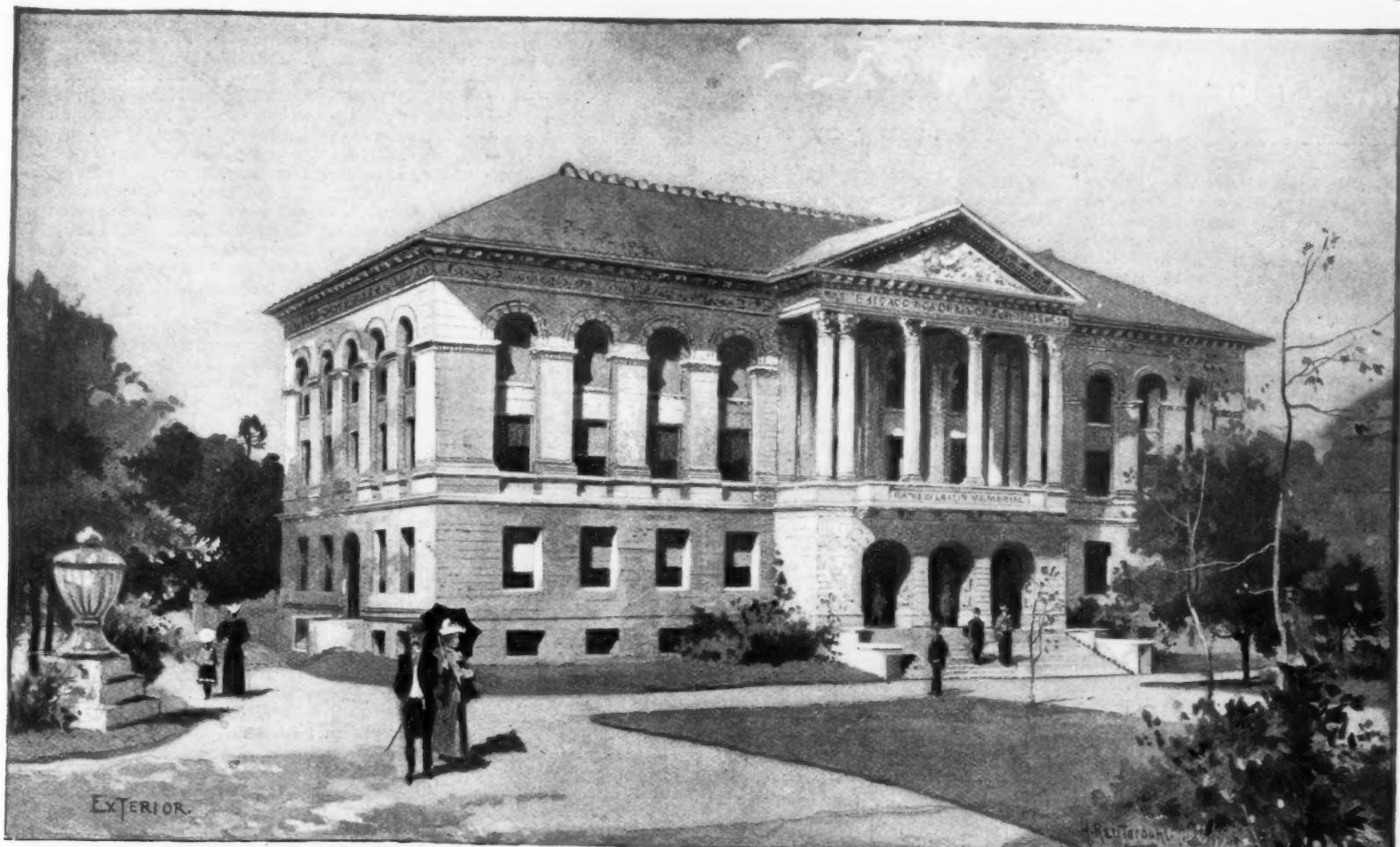
But, no matter what shape Princeton was in, Cornell played a game which must encourage the coacher and the supporters of athletics. Newell, the old Harvard tackle, has developed the material much better than most people expected, although he has had the reputation of being a clever coach. His work was plainly seen in the tackles and ends who broke through and tackled almost as well as Newell himself used to in his best days. Taussig played phenomenally, and his companions, almost without exception, did themselves credit. Cornell has a habit of doing more than the public expects. Two years ago, when Osgood was on the eleven, it came within two yards of beating Harvard in a game at Springfield and frightened the Cambridge coaches so that some of them still speak with awe of the game. This year the Ithaca team seems to be just such another.



THE WELCOME TO GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SALVATION ARMY, AT CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22D.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 285.]



THE WAR IN THE EAST—THE VICTORIOUS JAPANESE ARMY ENTERING THE GATES OF SEOUL, THE COREAN CAPITAL.
A FAC-SIMILE OF A JAPANESE PRINT.—[SEE PAGE 289.]



THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, FORMALLY OPENED ON NOVEMBER 1ST.—[SEE PAGE 281.]

WHY 1894 DEMOCRACY FAILS.

THE TRUE STORY OF MR. CLEVELAND'S FAMOUS TARIFF MESSAGE.

I BELONG to a campaign committee, organized under the late "Committee of Thirty," in the city of New York. In the course of my duty I recently asked every voter on one side of one block of a certain up-town west-side street, selected at random, whom he voted for in 1892 and whom he intended to vote for hereafter. I found twenty-seven voters, and of this number six said they voted for Democratic Presidential Electors in 1892, but that they would never vote for Democratic Presidential Electors, or for Democratic Congressional, State, or city nominees again.

Since, on the vote of 1892, this change of six in twenty-seven, which there is no reason to suppose is not representative, means a Republican plurality in the pivotal and greatest American State of 245,534, I have, it seems to me, ample justification for the title to my brief article.

Within the memory of most voters, the Democratic party has three times been tried, and three times disastrously failed.

Why?

Because it acted on false premises.

Let us go a little way into modern political history.

The Democratic party failed in 1860 because its governing faction in the South, followed by its official faction in the North, contradicted Thomas Jefferson's assertion about the equal birth of men. Democracy was wrong; Jefferson was right. Democracy failed.

After the fiasco of 1862 it was seriously thought to throw the defeated party overboard, name and all. The man who took the Democratic party off the plank and saved it from the watery plunge was Samuel J. Tilden. Mr. Tilden was an old man, and he looked backward. He hated to see Democracy buried, although he saw it already in grave-clothes. He suggested that possibly the cry of "reform" might prove its galvanic salvator. His suggestion was acted upon, and the current was turned on, with much expenditure of lungs and printer's ink, for ten whole years.

So long as the Democratic party did not have to prove anything it said, it was quite safe. But by a turn of the political wheel of fortune it is the State of New York in 1884—never mind who turned the wheel—the Democratic party came into possession of the White House and the National House of Representatives.

Now the Navy Department, under Secretary George M. Robeson, had been said by the Democratic party to be the worst "stable" of all. Mr. William C. Whitney was made keeper of it.

What has Secretary Whitney ever told us about that stable? What has Attorney-General Garland ever told us about the stable once kept by George H. Williams? What did Secretary Manning tell us about our cash accounts? What did a House investigating committee tell us? Why, they all told us, by a silence deep and dense to this day, that the Democratic party's cry of "reform" was a fraudulent one.

Mr. Tilden, and those who acted with him, did not take the precaution to know the condition of the stables they promised to clean. They simply shouted "Augean stables" and "Turn the rascals out," without knowing, first, the rascality of the stables; or, second, where to find men among their own number to keep them any cleaner than they already were.

The Democratic party's cry of "reform" was never anything more than a campaign "racket," and was never seriously considered by Mr. Tilden and those who gave it birth to be anything more. It was based on ignorance; it was proven by Democrats themselves to be a falsehood.

The man responsible for the third failure of modern Democracy is its present President. He added the word "tariff" to the discredited word "reform," and thereby made a new and quite different "racket"; not by suggesting it as Mr. Tilden did, but by precipitating it, by putting it upon the party first and consulting the party about it afterward. Some, indeed, he never consulted, and these consumed two or three years in getting a firm hold of the new cry.

This precipitation was done in December, 1887, and done by President Cleveland quite unawares. Mr. Cleveland had no more idea of creating a new issue for his party than he had of building a new White House out of his own salary. On the very day on which he dispatched his famous tariff-reform message to Congress he had not himself the remotest notion that he was an ardent tariff-reformer. So far from having the courage of his convictions, or seeing his duty clear, he had neither courage nor conception. Mr. Cleveland's precipitation of a

tariff-reform message upon the Democratic party was the result of ignorance and indecision. Let me tell you the authentic account of it. I have never seen the interesting history of that message in print.

During the late fall of 1887, President Cleveland received the reports of his Cabinet officers in the usual way. From these reports he drew up, doing most of the labor himself, a message that has never yet seen the light of day. He recapitulated many of the departmental recommendations; touched upon the round of about a score of subjects that are usually treated in Presidents' messages; and drafted a tariff paragraph that was non-committal and conservative—not at all the tariff deliverance that he afterward made.

Three or four days before Congress met, President Cleveland took his pen in hand and addressed notes to four men. He varied the wording of them slightly, but one of them, written in Mr. Cleveland's diminutive hand, upon Executive Mansion stationery, read:

"DEAR ——: Please come down. I want to talk to you about tariff. Yours, GROVER CLEVELAND."

To these letters Mr. Cleveland received two verbal acceptances; one very brief note, and one letter that emulated his already-prepared message in length, and, without the writer's knowing that it did, approved his conservative stand on the tariff question.

The four men asked to the White House were: John G. Carlisle, Roger Q. Mills, Alexander K. McClure, and Samuel J. Randall. All accepted; all came together. Dinner over, Mr. Cleveland began the evening by confessing, what was quite well known to all four of his guests, that he knew little about tariff schedules, and that he had called them, as representative Democrats, to help him to say the right thing in his message. He said he wanted all factions of the party harmonious, and was anxious that a Democrat, either himself or some other, should be elected President next year (1888).

During the White House conference that evening the representatives of the two wings of the party naturally paired off, and hence it happened that they had Mr. Cleveland's ear by turns.

During one of these turns the President gave Mr. McClure permission to telegraph to his newspaper a synopsis of his message. Of course Mr. McClure accepted, and the synopsis that he telegraphed was dated "the White House, Washington, D. C." and stated in a foot-note, private to the editor, that it was sent by the President's permission, and might be given out to other papers. The latter was done; was of course generally printed; and may now be seen in newspaper files by any one, describing a President's message that, it says, takes a conservative stand on the tariff, and touches upon a score of general topics, which, in the real message, were not mentioned at all. But Mr. McClure did not blunder. He recapitulated a real President's message, given him in good faith. Of course it was the one first prepared by Mr. Cleveland, already referred to.

Nor was this all. The real message was never shown to Mr. Randall or to Mr. McClure, and the first information they had of it was when they got it as part of the great public, next day.

The President was quite at sea about what to say in his famous message of 1887 on the tariff question, and had such a course been possible he would have said nothing at all. His party was badly divided, and he was extremely desirous of keeping the Democratic party in power, though he several times during the evening asserted, while reverting to the heavy responsibilities of the place, that he had little desire to succeed himself. When he was with Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Mills he was an ardent tariff-reformer—I have my information from one of the four men mentioned—but when with Mr. McClure and Mr. Randall he admitted that existing tariff conditions must not be violently disturbed, and that if they were the Democratic party would suffer. As an offset to the arguments of the two ardent tariff-reformers, Mr. McClure and Mr. Randall told Mr. Cleveland that, granting that the low schedules desired by Mr. Mills were the best Democratic policy—which fact Mr. Randall more emphatically than Mr. McClure denied—by far the safer course for the party, and the surer means of attaining the desired end, was to keep the Democratic party in power, for nothing was to be hoped for from the Republicans.

But it happened—I again base my statements on the assertions of one of the four men

mentioned, made to me immediately after the occurrence—that Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Mills had the Presidential ear last, and the result was the quick shot of a hastily-prepared message that went all the way over to the Carlisle-Mills wing of the party; that was not at all the message Mr. Cleveland, two days and perhaps two hours before, expected to send in; that was never shown to two of the gentlemen specially invited to be his guests and give their tariff views—or it might be better said their Democratic policy views; that gave a new issue to his party; and that added the word "tariff" to a word that was, by Mr. Cleveland's administration's own showing, no longer serviceable as a Democratic campaign cry.

The failure of the Democratic party of 1894 is due, first, to the taking up of a hastily-formed issue that rested on no more tangible basis than did the issue that failed the party in 1884-8; to the absurd insistence of erudite infallibility in behalf of a man who never possessed, and never professed, profound wisdom; and to its practice, followed now as always, of putting up a sail to catch any sort of political wind that promised to blow it any political where. Democracy was equally delighted with the doughface breeze of 1862, and the Populist breeze of 1892.

Mr. Grover Cleveland, Mr. Wayne McVeagh, and others, in speeches in Cooper Union, New York, during the campaign of 1892, gave voice to sentiments that ought never to be expressed, because of their inflammable effect; and Mr. Cleveland, on the platform just mentioned, made promises in behalf of Democracy which, to fulfill, involve the upsetting of the fundamental laws of all social and political economy. The man, or the party, promising what he or it cannot deliver, is in no danger so long as the promise is rejected. Failure is only precipitated when promises are accepted and their fulfillment demanded.

The Democratic party, which was unable to prove that all men were not created equal, and that was unable to prove the corruption it proclaimed, is just as powerless to re-elect its statements made in Mr. Cleveland's message of 1887 and its promises made since then.

You cannot build even an honest structure upon a false foundation, and permit that structure to be used.

No more can a political party.

EUGENE M. CAMP.

Joseph Chamberlain, M. P.

LONDON, ENGLAND, October 13th.—Few men are accorded the privilege of inspecting their own memorial or monument. Nelson kept his coffin, made out of the timber of a captured vessel, in his cabin. It was placed directly behind the chair in which he sat. The great Birmingham commoner, Joseph Chamberlain, can inspect any day the memorial to his energy, honesty, and capacity as mayor of Birmingham. It would be interesting to know just the sensation the Radical leader experiences when he passes the grand pile of masonry which commemorates his early achievements in local affairs.

It was Mr. Chamberlain, aided by John Thackray Bunce, the able editor of the Birmingham *Post*, who began the agitation more than twenty years ago which ended in making a new Birmingham out of the ancient conglomeration of narrow streets, wretched houses, fetid courts, disreputable gin-shops and public houses, and all the attendant miseries of atmosphere and smoke. To-day Birmingham is really a handsome city. The best elements took hold of matters, and under the leadership of this remarkable man whole districts were bought by the city, pulled down and rebuilt with broad streets and avenues. I am told that in this transaction the municipality made a handsome profit. The money originally expended for the real estate has all come back by the sale of property, and the city still owns a good share of the acreage.

English cities as a rule are well governed. The reason for this is very simple. The best citizens here consider it an honor to be members of the town council and take a hand in municipal affairs. Mr. Chamberlain's masterly work in the re-making of Birmingham sent him to Parliament, and would have made him prime minister of England ere this had he remained with his party. However that may be, so far as Birmingham is concerned he has carried his party with him, and he is as strong as he ever was.

When in Birmingham recently, I had a pleasant chat with the great leader, and found him particularly interested in a scheme for state pensions for every one over sixty-five years of age. This proposition is most startling to an American, and if it succeeds will bring England one step nearer to the absolute state socialism to which the Queen's subjects are so rapidly

tending. Mr. Chamberlain is still hammering away at the Gothenburg system of licensing. The principal idea of this plan of dealing with the liquor business is that the sale of liquor within a given area should be in the hands of some public body. It merely asserts that it is necessary to prevent liquor being pushed upon people by those who have a pecuniary interest in so doing. This is the danger here as at home. The only places for the workingmen to congregate are the public houses and saloons. I remember a speech made by Mr. Chamberlain in Parliament twenty years ago on this system of controlling the liquor traffic. It was one of his first speeches, and he was severely ridiculed and taunted.

Smutting under these taunts the rising young statesman replied to one ironical question:

"Yes! I would gladly don a bar-man's apron and serve behind the bar if by so doing I could serve my countrymen."

I wrote Mr. Chamberlain at that time a letter congratulating him and asking for further information on this system of dealing with the liquor traffic. It was promptly and courteously answered. Subsequently I went to Gothenburg and studied the system there. It has certainly been successful in Sweden. I understand the bishop of Chester will introduce a bill next year favoring the Gothenburg plan. In the meantime it might be well for these English Statesmen to study the working of State saloons in South Carolina. Mr. Gladstone, you know, has given his approval to the Gothenburg idea.

Mr. Chamberlain has a face denoting remarkable keenness of intellect. He is alert, incisive, and even pointed in making an argument, and unmitakably British in delivery. While this is true he is not as roundabout as most British orators, is less given to stop-gap phrases, and the reverse of dreary. His marriage to Miss Endicott has, I think, increased his interest in American affairs. In the large reception-room of his mansion at Highbury, amid the rich draperies, the eyes rest upon the stars and stripes.

ROBERT P. PORTER.



Three Comic-Opera Stars.

It is not so many years ago that "comic opera" suggested something indecent in a foreign language. But this Old-World obscenity soon palled upon American theatre-goers, whose knowledge of the foreign tongue had to be stimulated by suggestive stage business, and gave way to "comic opera" in our own tongue, without the salacious flavor of the Gallic atmosphere.

By a curious coincidence we have had this season in New York "three comic-opera stars" shining in glorious fulgence at the same time before the comic-opera clientele: Mr. Francis Wilson, Mr. De Wolf Hopper, and Miss Della Fox. *Place aux dames*. This is Miss Fox's initial year before the public as a star. What popularity she had hitherto won for herself was in the ranks of Mr. Hopper's company. It is not always that these stellar aspirations are crowned with success, but in the case of this little lady one may say that the venture has been well rewarded, and that as *The Little Trooper* Miss Fox has fairly won her spurs as a star. Of the opera hardly so much can be said. It is an adaptation by William Furst and Clay Greene, and while it is bright and tuneful it is thin in interest for the star; there is not enough for Miss Fox to do. By far the best part in the piece falls to the lot of Mr. Jeff d'Angelis, and, to use a green-room phrase, "he walks away with the whole show." Mr. d'Angelis is not a comedian so truthfully as he is a caricature actor, and when it is said by his brother actors in the opera that he is just as funny to them as he is to the audience, our readers who may know something about the actor's need of praise for his brother Thespian can form some idea of how really amusingly clever Mr. d'Angelis is. Last summer, in "The Passing Show," Mr. d'Angelis got off an "orchestra gag," the hit of the "Show," and every evening through the hot weather the actual leader of the orchestra sat by and roared with laughter at each performance. Miss Fox is so thoroughly in earnest and anxious to please that it is a pity her part has not been built upon a larger scale; still she is to be commended for having surrounded herself with an excellent company, and above all, in having two such admirable actors as Jeff d'Angelis and Paul Arthur. "The Little Trooper" is splendidly staged and costumed.

As her immediate neighbor Miss Fox has Mr. Francis Wilson, at Abbey's Theatre, as *Melissen*, in "The Devil's Deputy." The scene of this opera is laid in Hesse, and gives the costumer an opportunity for pretty work, although they seem as much Polish as Hessian.

This does not matter, however, as they are designed in good taste and without regard to expense. Mr. Wilson has a congenial part, and keeps his audience in a constant roar of laughter from his first entrance to his last. If ever there was a born fun-maker he is surely one. M. Jean de Reszké said to me that Wilson made him laugh until he ached. Anything funnier than his call for "help" in Act I. of this opera cannot be imagined. It must be heard to be appreciated. The only fault the opera has is that the other parts lack interest, but Wilson is such a host in himself that, once under his spell, you forget and forgive its shortcomings. Miss Lula Glaser looks pretty, but the partition wall between the Casino and Abbey's seems to be so thin that some of Della Fox's antics have crept in and surrendered to Miss Glaser's wiles and charming personality. Mr. Canby, as usual, has staged his opera with admirable detail.

Only two blocks away De Wolf Hopper has been crowding the Broadway Theatre to its capacity. I remember Mr. Hopper when he first essayed starring in a Mormon melodrama called "One Hundred Wives." He did not know it at the time, but this was where he first disclosed his great gift as a comedian. Then he drifted into comic opera, finally becoming a star, and we have had "The Merry Monarch," "Wang," "Panjandrum," and lastly, "Dr. Syntax," which is "Cinderella at School" over again. Mr. Hopper is, if possible, funnier than ever; he improves all the time in facial work, and, as this part proves, does not need an impossible "make-up" to be funny and artistic at the same time. Looking back at all the productions this actor has been associated with in a stellar capacity, I think "Dr. Syntax" is the best, cleanest, and brightest of them all. Mr. Hopper's support, too, is first-class, Edna Wallace Hopper, Bertha Waltzinger, and Jennie Goldthwaite all doing capital comedy work. Miss Waltzinger deserves a special word of praise for her artistic singing; her voice is fresh and musical, she handles it with considerable skill, and has the good sense not to force it out of its register.

All three of these comic operas have this season departed from the accepted type and dispensed with the ladies who have been clad in a shield, a smile and a spear; there are none such in "Dr. Syntax," and so few in "The Little Trooper" or "The Devil's Deputy" that they are hardly noticeable. All of them are, however, clean-cut and unobjectionable in tone, and deserve the public favor all three have been received with. HARRY P. MAWSON.

The Sands of the Sea.

THERE is little in this world that is not valuable. All that is needed is a necessity for anything and the ingenuity of man finds the way to gratify that want. In prose, literature, and in poetry, too, we have been told time and time again that sea-sand was treacherous and was worthless. And yet it is not always so. There is sea-sand valuable for other purposes than for putting on the floors of old-fashioned taverns, and the sketches Mr. Mente has made for this paper indicate that not far from the metropolis there is a great industry in dredging sand and so separating it that it can be used for various useful purposes. On a neck of land that stretches far into the picturesque bay of Northport, Long Island, may be seen curious-looking machinery which is always at work, while in canals that reach into this neck are many schooners loading with the product of these machines. One charming day during last summer the writer happened to be cruising in these waters with Mr. Mente, and together we made a voyage of discovery to this barren stretch of sand, which was as free of vegetation as any Asiatic or African desert. Arrived there, however, we found a busy, a contented, and a most interesting settlement.

The machines we had seen from a distance busily at work proved to be dredges run by steam. On an endless chain were scoops which reached into the sand and brought up both sand and gravel. This material the scoops delivered to a rotary screen so fitted that the material was graded as to size, throwing out two kinds of gravel and five kinds of sand. The constant dredging formed the canals before alluded to, and into which the boats sailed and then carried the product off to market. The gravel is used for paving and roofing, and the sand and grit in various useful ways. Without sand similar to this found near Northport many kinds of polishing of stone and iron and wood would be difficult, if not impossible. Then also another kind of sand is sold to those who keep birds in cages. After all this material is graded it is taken to the ships in wheelbarrows by swarthy Italians, and never less than a whole cargo of each kind goes away from this place. Of course no one consumer buys a whole cargo of bird-sand, but it is not infrequent that one contractor will take a hundred cargoes of

gravel when he has a large job of paving on hand.

As the dredges dig all the material within reach they are shoved along with jack-screws, and each one when busy makes about five feet of progress in a day. For fifteen years about one hundred men have been busy at this place, and it is thought that it will be at least that much longer before the material within profitable reach will be exhausted.

In Fashion's Glass.

THE least variable of all fashions is the riding-habit, the only marked change being in the length of the skirt. Even the sleeves retain their characteristic proportions.

In the riding-habit, as a rule, a woman is almost helpless under favorable circumstances, and really in jeopardy in case of accident, but happily there are the new safety skirts, which are being designed by modern tailors, and in which one's feet cannot possibly get entangled.

One of this sort is shown in the picture, and was designed by Barroin, of the Rue St. Honoré, Paris. The material is a special grade of elastic Melton cloth, intended for hunting and equestrian costumes. The color is a rich shade of walnut brown. The skirt is just long enough to conceal the feet of the wearer, has strapped seams, and closes up on the right hip with three buttons. The short-waisted jacket has a vest of rich scarlet cloth, fastened up with tiny gold buttons. The back of the jacket ends in habit tails.

Riding-jackets vary in shape: some are buttoned up straight to the throat, others open over a chemisette of pique, and an English fancy is for a half-long coat with hip pockets. Dark colors are adhered to for habits in general, but frequently a gray or a tan shade will be selected.

NOVELTIES IN THE SHOPS.

The designers of materials, trimmings, and new creations of all sorts are to be heartily congratulated this autumn on the beauty and originality of their devices. They have surpassed themselves in rich and fine effects—in fact, "lav. lily luxurious" may be said to be the key-note of the dresses we are asked to adopt during the coming months.

Fur is the trimming par excellence, for all varieties of garments, and leather enters largely into the garnitures, particularly undressed kid. Then there are *cabochons* surrounded by fur, alternated with leather; medallions, embroidered or stamped as the case may be; long strips of sable tail drawn at intervals through broad rings of jet; while the ostrich-feather trimmings of the season are too lovely for words. Their leading feature is the tiny separate ties of which they appear to be composed, and their uses are legion.

Cut-out work is a novelty in trimming, and is too expensive to become common. For instance, a fine crêpe embroidered in cut-work is lovely, especially for evening blouses, while in cloth it is used generally as trimming only. Again, a velvet with various-sized holes edged with jet, and scattered over the entire surface so that the silk underneath shows through, is too distinctly fascinating for anything.

"Fluffiness" may be noted as the distinguishing feature of the evening bodices. Made entirely of chiffon, or accordion-pleated crêpe with chiffon accompaniments, they are most fetching. Intense colors are the mode, such as cherry, geranium, magenta, or cornflower blue, but it is rarely that a woman will be so venturesome as to wear an entire bodice of these daring tones. A collar band, belt ribbon, or a touch here and there in a hat, is all one should undertake.

Quite one of the most striking features of the new fashions is the varied and graceful manner in which the revers of dresses are arranged. Draping is very popular, one of the favorite methods being to cut the revers excessively large, and let them fall in cascade-like folds.

ELLA STARR.

General Booth's Reception.

THE formal reception given in this city to General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, was worthy of the man and of the cause he represents. General Booth is one of the most unique figures in modern religious history. In many respects he is the most eminent and influential moral leader of his time. He has done more than any living man to bring the gospel of salvation to the outcast class and make religion a practical help, a really redemptive agency, to the common people. The Salvation Army, scoffed at and abused, persecuted and misjudged, is the most potential organized moral force in the modern life of all civilized countries, and it is distinctively his creation. The welcome extended to him by New York attested the popular recognition of this fact. The demonstration was marked by the most cordial enthusiasm, and on the part of the



FRENCH RIDING-HABIT.

general's Salvation followers by exhibitions of pride and admiration which must have touched him deeply. The participants in the two great meetings at which the general appeared, included many of the most notable people of the city—divines and professional people of every sort, society and literary folk, merchants, eminent workers in the fields of social reform, etc. The spectacular features of the first reception were especially characteristic of the army and its methods. We give an illustration elsewhere of the scene on this occasion.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal-card. A trial costs you nothing. *

IN EVERY Receipt that calls for baking powder, use the "Royal." It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible, and wholesome.

"We recommend the Royal Baking Powder as superior to all others."—*United Cooks and Pastry Cooks' Association of the United States.*



Scene in Third Act.



Scene in Second Act.

MISS DELLA FOX IN "THE LITTLE TROOPER."



Scene in First Act.



DE WOLF HOPPER IN "DOCTOR SYNTAX."



Jennie Goldthwaite.

Edna Wallace Hopper.



Miss Amanda Fabris as *Princess Mirane*.



Wilson as *Melissen*.

FRANCIS WILSON IN "THE DEVIL'S DEPUTY."



J. C. Miron as *General Karamatoff*.



A CYCLIST ATTACHED TO THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.—*London Graphic*.



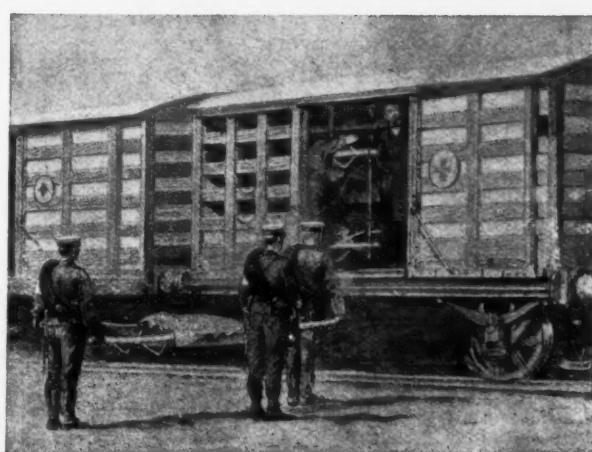
JAPANESE INFANTRY AT A REVIEW—DEFENDING AN INTRENCHED POSITION.—*London Graphic*.



JAPANESE TROOPS ON THE MARCH TO THE PORT OF EMBARKATION.—*London Graphic*.



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN WATCHING A REVIEW OF TROOPS PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR COREA.—*London Graphic*.



THE AMBULANCE CORPS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY AT WORK.
London Graphic.

DIFFICULT.

TRAVERS—"What was the hardest thing you ever did?"

Jugay—"Taking home a long clay pipe from a club dinner without breaking it."—Judge.

A GIRL OF ONE MIND.

"CHARLEY saved me from drowning at Newport and George pulled me out at Atlantic City."

"And now you don't know which to marry?"

"Oh, yes, I do. I'm going to marry Fred."—Judge.

CIVILIZATION'S MARCH.

PAINFULLY the travelers toiled through the wilderness. The way had been long and rough. The scorching sun by day and the cold damps by night had been their portion. Hardship, fatigue, and danger they had known. And yet they toiled on uncomplainingly, although it had been months since they had last looked back upon the habitation of a white man.

Before them lay a vast plain; from its midst arose a huge rock, like the dome of some great building that had sunk from its own ponderous weight, deep in the earth.

"Let us hasten!" cried the leader of this band of hardy adventurers; "let us hasten and rest for our noonday meal in the shadow of yon great rock. We are now where the foot of civilized man has never trod."

His companions gazed awe-stricken across the vast plain, and then in silence the march was resumed. As they drew nearer the rock, they were aware of hieroglyphics upon its surface, the like of which was strange to them. As nearer they came they saw that these were in the semblance of letters many feet in height, thus:

SLIBRCOC BULC EBT

"The handiwork of an extinct civilization," muttered the leader, "or some fearful warning from the past." All stood now and gazed silently upon the strange characters. Suddenly the youngest of the party gave a cry of triumph. "Read it backwards," he said; "it puts you on to a good thing!"

And the travelers rejoiced to be reminded that among their effects they had these peerless blends of Martini, Manhattan, Gin, and Vermouth, besides the latest, the dry and delicious unsweetened York.

CERTIFIED MILK.

EVERY dairy supplying our condenseries is under supervision. Milk is produced under rigid hygienic rules. The company's reputation is therefore a certificate of the absolute purity of the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

RIPANS TABULES.

SLIP a vial into your vest pocket and *your life is insured* against the tortures of dyspepsia and all kindred ailments. *One gives relief.*

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

REDUCED RATES.

THE first-class New York and Boston fare via the Fall River Line has just been reduced from \$4 to \$3 A corresponding reduction has been made to all other Eastern points.

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Japs and Chinese.

The picture which appears on the first page of our present issue tells its own story. While the Chinese in this and other cities of the Union do not manifest as acute an interest in the war now in progress in the East as was anticipated, they find no satisfaction in the story of continuous Japanese successes, and they frequently take occasion to manifest this disrelish in their treatment of the Japs with whom they come in contact. It is not an altogether pleasant experience which a Japanese gentleman encounters in passing through the Chinese quarter of New York; he is in no danger of personal assault, indeed, but he is likely to be subjected to jeers and jibes which affect him even more keenly than a blow would do. There can be no question as to the superiority of the Japanese who are among us, as contrasted with the Chinamen, in all the qualities of intelligence and refinement, just as there is no room for doubt that Japan is vastly more advanced than China in all the elements of genuine civilization; and our picture, as illustrating this fact, has more than a passing interest.

number of illustrations of subjects connected with the war now in progress.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

Facts about Figures.

As preparatory to the answer to the Columbus Problem the author gives the following lesson in arithmetic:

It is not generally known that every collection of figures has what may be called a final or residual root. For example, take a chance arrangement like the following and add up the columns:

8760.54
9088.31
2121.34
7776.66
5432.19
34085.04=24=6

Here are the same numbers arranged differently:

57298.16191
47197.33428
37286.54666
141782.04285=42=6

No matter how the figures are added up, in columns, singly, or otherwise, if the numbers in the product are again added until reduced to a single figure, it will be a 6. The residual root of a collection of numbers cannot be affected by different arrangements. As all numbers are added upon the decimal or denary principle, decimal fractions will not change the root. The decimal point is merely a sign of separation between the units and the tenths, just the same as the inferred point between the tens and the hundreds.

To tell if 82 can be made out of the numbers 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, add them up, and we find the residual root to be 3. Those numbers can only be arranged to make a sum with the 3 root, therefore 75 or 84 would be the nearest whole number which could be arrived at without resorting to the use of fractions, as will be shown when the answer is fully explained.

As a wonderful puzzle in mental arithmetic, give to any one a collection of numbers (the residual root of which you know). Ask them to arrange them in any shape they wish, omit one figure, and add them up and give you the result. Add these figures together mentally and get the residual root, and deduct it from the first root which you secretly knew, and the result will be the number omitted. If, however, the second root is larger than the first, add 9 to the first before deducting.

The War in the East.

REPORTS continue to reach us from China that peace negotiations are in progress between that government and Japan on the basis of the independence of Corea and the payment of a war indemnity by China. These reports, however, lack confirmation, and the probabilities are that they are unwarranted by anything that has so far occurred. It is quite possible that Japan would agree to peace upon conditions that would assure the ends for which she went to war; her course throughout has been marked by a spirit of moderation; but there are no indications as yet that China considers herself beaten, and it is unlikely that she will desist from hostilities so long as she is able to protect her capital and secure her territory against the devastations of a Japanese invasion. The Japanese authorities in Corea find great difficulty in effecting administration reforms, owing to the venality of the native officials. The feeling in the Japanese Diet, which met some three weeks since, is apparently unanimous in approval of the course pursued by the government. The universal expression is that the war must be vigorously pursued until it is brought to a triumphant close. The Diet has passed by a unanimous vote the bills introduced by the government relating to war expenditures, which involved a total sum of 150,000,000 yen (about \$110,000,000). We print elsewhere a



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